WHERE HE DWELT

MIND PICTURES OF PALESTINE

ALFRED T. SCHOFIELD

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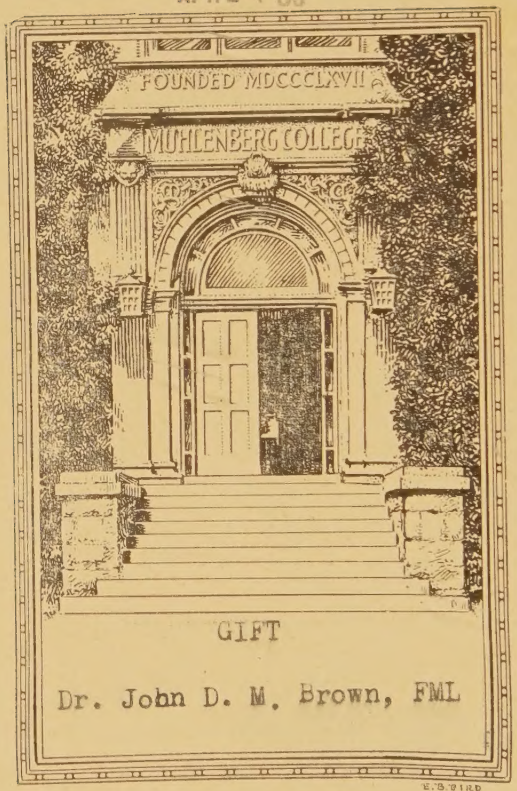

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"WHERE HE DWELT"

OR

MIND PICTURES OF PALESTINE

BY

ALFRED T. SCHOFIELD, M.D., M.R.C.S.E.

Author of "The Journeys of Jesus Christ, the Son of God,"
"With Christ in Palestine," "The Knowledge of God," "Christian Sanity," etc., etc.

"They came and saw **where HE dwelt** and abode with Him."

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DEDICATED

WITH GRATEFUL THANKS TO

SOME FRIENDS

AMONG OUR

PALESTINE BAND OF PILGRIMS

AND TO ONE AT HOME.

The

Great help

of this

Gallant Brotherhood

will

be hereafter

always remembered

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"WHERE HE DWELT"

THE FIRST PICTURE.

JAFFA AND JERUSALEM, OR THE SECRET OF STRENGTH.

In these days, when by various means the scope of our vision is so increased, the idea of the existence of other inhabited worlds than ours seems more likely to be proved correct. Hence it is not an uncommon practice, when pointing out some anomalies of modern life, to consider what a supposed inhabitant of Mars would think were he to visit this planet and observe our customs. There is perhaps one attitude of mind with which we are here specially concerned, that is common amongst us, which would be most difficult to explain to our starry visitor.

The position of this country with regard to Christ and the Bible is admittedly unique, and, since the promulgation of Christianity, in

God's inscrutable providence, England has been used in a special way to disseminate throughout the world the knowledge of a Person and a Book that are both Eastern and Jewish in origin.

This Book was written by people who lived in Palestine, and is steeped from cover to cover in local allusions, pictures, and metaphors. It has been the special work of the English nation to send this Book to every man in every corner of the earth in the language in which he was born.

The Divine Person who is the Head, who is the Founder of this Christian religion, was a Jew, who was born, lived, and died in Palestine. The accounts of His life are entirely concerned with that country, its towns and villages, its mountains and valleys, its seas and rivers.

Of course the Book is old, and the Person lived some time ago; but then the characteristic of the particular land where He lived is the unchanging nature of all its habits and customs; for not only is it in most of its aspects as it was in the time of Christ, but in many places it is unchanged since the days of Abraham.

It might also be pointed out that the in-

habitants of England, in a large majority, still profess the name of Christian, which means that all their hopes for time and eternity are based on this wonderful Person and wonderful Book.

Lastly, it can be shown that, as the conveniences of travel have immensely increased, so a journey which once was a toilsome affair of many months, if not years, can be now accomplished in less than as many weeks, with a comfort and safety before unknown.

Moreover, when travel was arduous and even life was risked by a journey to Palestine a thousand years or less ago, England's heart was on fire for the Holy Land, and her best and greatest deemed life empty without a journey there. Every year vast numbers of pious pilgrims, with cockle-shells in their hats, left these islands to see the land which was the source of their Christianity and the home of Christ. It is true their faith was overlaid with superstition; but surely a warm heart, even with an admixture of error, is more to God than a sound orthodoxy that is cold and dead.

Now, supposing that an inhabitant of Mars were acquainted with these elementary facts, he would further learn that more people than ever leave these shores every winter for the East.

How surprised, then, he would be to hear that, when they get within a few hours' sail of Palestine they invariably stop short, and, after spending some months so near its shores, return home again without ever visiting this land of wonderful interest. And this amazing spectacle can be witnessed every year in the annual exodus to Egypt, which, unlike the first exodus, which was *from* Egypt to Canaan, is from England *to* Egypt.

To understand the position fully, the Martian should be told that these people are, many of them, high in Christian standing and learning, and yet have never in their lives seen Palestine, though perfectly at home in Egypt. Such an incredible fact evidently requires explanation, but any adequate reasons are hard to find.

Our visitor would be put off with stock assurances that Egypt is more healthy, that the hotels are better, the travelling is easier, and that the country, with its temples and heathen gods, the remains of the awful corruptions of Isis and Osiris, more interesting —reasons, indeed, which make one almost blush as one writes them down, when we think they are almost all that can be urged as an excuse for never seeing the Holy Land. It is true

that modern spies have visited it, but, as nearly all of them have brought back an evil report of the ravages wrought by modern civilisation, railways and motor-cars, German hotels and tourist-agents of all sorts, it is perhaps as well to note that all these objections apply equally to Egypt, so that they cannot be the real reason. One might as well refuse to read the Bible if printed by godless printers and bound by sceptics ; and yet, when we have mentioned these "reasons," we have given all that is generally urged for the present practice ; and it is to be feared that our intelligent visitor would be by no means satisfied.

There can be no doubt that the true reason for our extraordinary neglect in this respect lies considerably deeper, and consists in fact in great apathy and want of interest with regard to the wonderful land to which we owe so much of our present position, and especially to a fear lest, by displaying any love for it, we should seem to foster the superstition for sacred shrines that dominated the Middle Ages.

The English are Protestants by nature ; they are always protesting, and, in avoiding evils, constantly run to the opposite extreme. It

was so for long with regard to the "Intermediate State" which until recently was practically denied, for fear of countenancing purgatory; it was so also with regard to the Holy Sacrament, which held a secondary place for fear of countenancing the Mass; and, for myself, I think that with many Christian people (perhaps unknown to themselves), it is some such reason that keeps them from Palestine, while travelling over the whole world. Yet what a loss is theirs, and what a mistake it all is!

Surely it is possible to visit the land where Christ dwelt, the city where Jehovah placed His Name, the actual locality of all the Bible heroes that we have worshipped since our infancy, without violating one sacred canon, or imperilling our "orthodoxy" by a single genuflexion at a sacred shrine?

I used this argument the other day, only to be told, in a somewhat contemptuous tone by a Christian worker, that the whole question was one of sentiment. Sentiment, indeed! Are we, then, to have no feeling, no reverence, no thrill, no emotion with regard to those sights and scenes so dear to our hearts; and is it a matter for boasting, if we have not? Besides, it is absolutely untrue. The solid

results of a visit to Palestine are known to Bible students through the rest of their lives.

There is still one more class who declare, apparently truthfully, that the idea has never occurred to them. Strange and incredible as it may seem, I think this may be possible to some. The fact is, hardly any realise the practical information as well as the uplifting of heart and soul that result from a visit to the Holy Land.

I would, indeed, that one could dispel for ever these false ideas, which I think must have been conjured up by the enemy of our faith, to cut us off from the greatest source of true Bible knowledge, and of insight into so much of its spirit and of a solution of so many of its difficulties.

I can only give my own testimony. As a Bible student of forty years' standing, I have twice visited the Holy Land. The Bible, my spiritual guide before, is now alive on every page with a new and strange beauty; I cannot read a chapter in the Gospels or many parts of the Old Testament without travelling myself in spirit with the Saviour, or some man of God, seeing what they saw, and investing the whole narrative with life.

It has been well said, the key to much that lies in the Bible seems to have been lost. At one time Oxford claimed to have found it; but the key did not fit. Then one made in Germany was sent over with no better result. The fact is that the key to so many of our difficulties can only be found in the land that we so carefully avoid.

I have spoken of the annual exodus to Egypt; but when we think, as well, of the Anglo-Indian current that is ever passing and repassing by the Canal within six hours of the Port of Jerusalem, the word "avoid" is not too strong. But, enough! Few are better for being scolded, and I may reach my object sooner perhaps by trying, in some poor way, to draw a few pen-and-ink pictures of what has passed before one's bodily and spiritual eyes in the Holy Land. It may be, too, that these introductory words may stimulate some laggard soul, some Egyptian hypochondriac, for his spirit's health to set foot on Canaan's happy shore!

One final remark is necessary. One needs not, and must not, go to Palestine to find his Christ or Christianity, or to establish the truth of the Bible. One must take all these with

one to get the greatest benefit and happiness from the journey. It is the one who knows and loves his Saviour and his Bible that will undoubtedly enjoy the Holy Land the most. Those in whom the true relations of the human and divine are not surely established stand in danger of having their attention distracted and their pleasure spoiled by the numerous anachronisms that must be met with.

My first sketch will include Jaffa and Jerusalem, and the land between, and the spiritual interest of the picture will centre around the two personalities of Christ and Samson.

First of all, then, let us take a broad view of this vast land of Canaan; for, although it measures but 160 miles by 60, a pilgrim travelling at 3 miles an hour instead of the 30 to which in his own country he is accustomed, finds the country which is really little bigger than Wales become almost the size of Europe. It is evident that, for practical purposes, the size of any country depends to the traveller on how long it takes him to journey through it; and as he takes above a day to travel in Palestine what in England he could

traverse in an hour, so, in this sense, the country cannot be called small.

It may roughly be divided into four strips that run from north to south. Along the Mediterranean shore there stretches, for the whole length of the land, a rich plain 10 or 15 miles broad, bordered with sand, broken only at Carmel and Tyre by two rocky ridges.

The second strip consists of the hill-country averaging 2,000 ft. above the sea, and about 25 miles in width, running from north to south in a tract of similar length. This commences with the snowy Lebanon range, and ends at the border of the Egyptian desert; the only great break is the Plain of Esdraelon in Galilee.

A third strip still farther inland is the most remarkable tract on the earth's surface. Stretching over 100 miles from north to south lies the deepest gorge in the world; beginning in the north at sea-level, the trench increases in depth until, at the south in the Dead Sea, it is half a mile below the level of the ocean. This wonderful excavation is some 15 miles broad, and forms the bed of a unique river—the river Jordan—of which more hereafter.

The fourth strip, on the farther side of this Jordan, is the flat tableland of Perea and Moab, some 1,500 feet high, extending again from north to south for 200 miles.

The four strips, then, that run from north to south, given in their order from west to east, are as follows:

Fifteen miles fertile plain by the Mediterranean.
Twenty-five miles hilly country of Palestine.
Fifteen miles deep valley of the Jordan.
The rest, high tableland of Moab and Perea.

Rough as it is, this will give to the mind's eye something of the physical geography of the Holy Land.

This land increases in fertility from the desert-like kingdom of Judæa in the south to the fruitful province of Galilee in the north. I am told that all English crops and fruits grow in Palestine with the exception of oats, rye, turnips, gooseberries, raspberries, and strawberries. To me the omissions seem very arbitrary, but they are given on a high authority. There are not many trees in the Holy Land, but there are some large forests of oaks in Galilee; olives and fig-trees every-

where, willows and trees of water-loving growth by the rivers, and a few palms in the Jordan Valley, besides the far-famed cedars of Lebanon. The wild-flowers, of course, are unequalled for beauty even in the mountain pastures of Switzerland, or in the richest meadows of Devonshire; it is not only that they are of every colour and in the richest profusion, but certain species, such as anemones, lupines, lilies, etc., mass themselves in such large patches of single colours as to present to the eye, from some neighbouring hills, the intricate appearance of a Turkey carpet. The air, of course, varies—fresh and bracing in the hill-country, it is heavy and enervating in the Jordan Valley.

To the Western visitor who does not dive beneath the surface, the social aspect of Palestine life is pleasant. He sees but few Turks anywhere, and these are never obtrusive; the bulk are grave, picturesque people in turbans or other oriental head-gear and nondescript garments more or less flowing and dirty, but always picturesque and Eastern; such outrages as well-cut coats and trousers never offend the eye. The women are like the men, only a little more so, and both compose well with the landscape. They are

of mixed nationality, but not often of Jewish origin; it is said, indeed, that the country peasants are the original Canaanitish stock who have held the land from time immemorial. The Jews here, as everywhere, are a race apart, and in appearance seem no more to belong to Palestine than they do to Russia; their appearance in Jerusalem cannot be described as attractive, though certainly picturesque and intensely Jewish, while in the country their newly built colonies suggest the settler rather than the native.

The real beauty of Palestine lies in its atmosphere and in its colouring; nature has painted nowhere else such lavish streaks of gorgeous colour as can be seen from Jerusalem on the rocky barrier of the mountains of Moab. The country itself, especially in the south, is not beautiful, but gets greener and more fertile as one travels north, until at the foot of Lebanon it becomes a veritable garden. We must ever remember that the land "**flowing with milk and honey**" was not a term used in comparison with rich and fertile countries, but with the arid desert around, in the midst of which Palestine forms a sort of large oasis.

We still enter the country by the Jaffa of

Hiram, known to us in Greek mythology by the Legend of Perseus, and in New Testament times as the Joppa where "**the middle wall of partition**" was first broken down between the Jew and Gentile, by St. Peter's vision on the housetop.

Jaffa is entered by a slit in a wall about 6 feet square; through this small opening, tourists, pilgrims, Pashas, negroes, Arabs, to say nothing of camels, mules, and asses, and every sort of produce, have passed in and out from time immemorial.

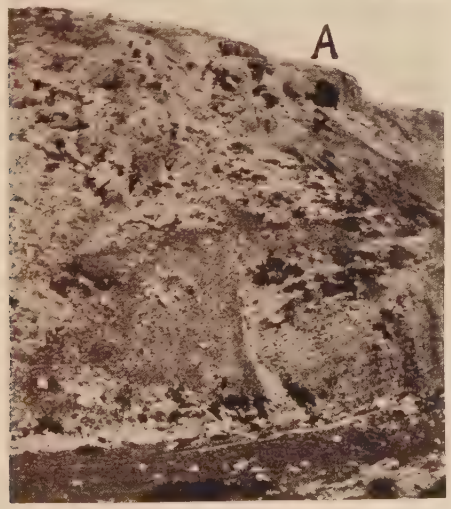
If the train by which one leaves Jaffa for Jerusalem be prosaic, the views from the windows certainly are not. After winding through the richest orange-groves in the world, we enter the softly swelling plain of Philistia, some 40 miles long and 15 broad, running north as the Plain of Sharon until it meets Phœnicia. It must be remembered that this broad strip by the sea made Israel an inland country; so the Jews never became sailors, shut in as they were by the Philistines on the west and the Phœnicians to the north.

We pass Lydda on the left, the home of St. George of England, near which we note the ruins of Beth-dagon, the home of the original

[*Photo by American Colony, Jerusalem.*

JAFFA FROM THE SEA.

This is one of the oldest cities in the world, though not a house in the picture is two hundred years old. On the extreme left is the rock where Andromeda (in the legend) was chained and rescued by Perseus. A little to the right of this is the reputed house of Simon the Tanner, by the sea-shore.



ROCK ETAM AND CAVE OF SAMSON.

A is over the reputed cave of Samson. At the foot is the Plain of Sharon (the Philistines' country), where Samson burnt the corn by means of 300 "foxes" (i.e. "jackals"), which abound here to this day. Ten miles behind A lies Jerusalem.

god of the Philistines, and come to Ramleh, or the Arimathæa from which probably Joseph came. North of this we see the entrance to the Valley of Ajalon, where the sun stood still in Joshua's time, while on our right lie the dirty villages that represent the once famous towns of Ekron and Ashdod. Away south along the golden plain stands the great sand-hill that covers Ascalon, while still farther on rise the white minarets and towers of Gaza, the only town left on this plain. Just above us is Zorah, the birthplace of Samson, whose white-washed tomb graced by one or two palms stands hard by, and above in the mountain-side is the traditional cave where he dwelt in the rock Etam, while still a little farther north is that Valley of Sorek that produced Delilah, and is full of jackals (Samson's foxes) to this day. To the right of the line is Timnath, the home of the hero's wife, while just south of this, one can make out the hill which once was Gath, the city of Goliath, with the Valley of Elah below it along which the brook still runs busily polishing some more stones for some future David.

One may note that Ascalon was the great trading city between Assyria and Egypt, while

Ashdod was the military capital of the Philistines, once besieged for no less than 22 years. Ekron was the sacred city where stood the oracle of Baalzebub, the fly-god, which, together with Dagon at the neighbouring city of Beth-dagon, constituted the chief gods of the Philistines. Ekron was the nearest town to Judæa, being only 10 miles from Beth-shemesh. Gath was the last home of the Anakim giants; Gaza was the great bazaar for all Egyptian produce. Gezer, near Ramleh, has been the great battle-ground of all ages from the days of the Pharaohs to Napoleon.

We now climb the foot-hills dividing Philistia from the Holy Land, the country of Samson from that of Christ. The whole gorge is gay with the rock-cystus, the Rose of Sharon, which, curiously enough, is white, while the lily of the valley is a scarlet anemone. Here we take a last look at the gorgeous scene we are exchanging for the barren hill-country of Judæa.

At our feet a broad belt of the brightest emerald, then a strip of golden sand along the shore, backed by the deep blue sapphire of the Great Sea; around us rugged gorges which are part of the eternal battle-field between the heathen nations below and the Israel of God

on the hills above, a picture of the endless conflict between the world and the Church.

As we near Jerusalem the stony greys of Judæa replace the softer tints; we are crossing the Valley of Rephaim and entering the country of Abraham, of Samuel, of David, of Jeremiah, and of Christ. Judæa contains some 2,000 square miles, about the size of an average English county. The railway-station stands in Judah, the city in Benjamin, the dividing-line being the bridge across the Valley of Hinnom. The first view of Jerusalem is grand; a hundred feet above tower the walls of Zion, built by Soliman the Magnificent a thousand years ago, and we proceed up to the noble Jaffa Gate, passing endless streams of camels bearing the carved stones of the "new Jerusalem" which is rapidly rising to the north-west of the ancient city and already far exceeds it in extent.

Jerusalem is builded as a city "**that is compacted together,**" being confined on its hill-tops on the east by the Valley of Jehoshaphat, on the south by the Valley of Hinnom, and on the west by the Valley of Gihon, so that only to the north-west can the modern suburbs extend. All around Jerusalem the

country is very bare; there is no foliage or verdure, no waving palms, nothing but the grey olive dotted all over, with here and there a fig-tree.

Jerusalem, known a thousand years before Abraham as Uru-Salem, was the City of Peace, a sanctuary for all, as it will be yet again. It never seems to have had an hereditary king, those ruling it describing themselves much in the language of Melchisedek, as without genealogy and appointed by the Most High; they called their city on the Tel-el-Amarna tablets the city of the Great King. It has been famous for fifty centuries, the one city beloved of Jehovah, the centre of the future glories of the predicted golden age and the reign of Christ. Lord Beaconsfield has well said in "Tancred": "The view of Jerusalem is the history of the world: it is more, it is the history of heaven and earth."

One king of Jerusalem about the time of Joshua writes that he is afraid of the Abiri,[1] supposed to be the invading Hebrews, or Israelites. He says: "All the rulers have been

[1] In his life of Amenhotep IV. (Akhuaton) Mr. Weigall takes the "Khabiri" to be Beduin, and gives the name of the ruler of Jerusalem as Addkhiba (p. 236). Others, as in the text, regard them as Hebrews.

slain within this same year, the lands of the city of Jerusalem are deserted, and no man is my subject." On another tablet, of different clay, he writes: "We are leaving the city of Jerusalem; the chiefs of the garrison have left without an order through the wasting of this fellow [Joshua?] whom I fear." This tablet of different clay is supposed to have been written from the Cave of Makkedah (Joshua x. 16) by Adoni-zedec when he was confined there before his death. He writes: "The Abiri overrun all South Canaan."

This sacred city passed through many vicissitudes, until in the year A.D. 637 it was finally captured by the Turks under Omar. On that occasion the Christian Bishop Sophronius handed him the keys of the city with these remarkable words: "Now is come on this city the abomination of desolation spoken of by Daniel the Prophet, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled." These "times" are given in the Book of Daniel as 1260, 1290, and 1335 days respectively; and Daniel's "days" are generally taken as years.

Twelve hundred and sixty years after this date brings us to 1897, when the Zionist Movement was founded in Vienna by Pro-

fessor Hertzl. Then, to follow this line of exegesis, we look forward to the next date, 1927, as the time for the lifting of the Turkish rule, while the last date, 1972, on the same principle should be the date of the full restoration of Israel to their land. This is not to be taken necessarily as the writer's view of the question, but simply as what flows from the acceptance of these dates.

Before the Christian era the Holy City was plain and unadorned by any noble buildings; but in the days of Christ Jerusalem had been rebuilt by Herod of marble, and was at its highest state of magnificence and prosperity. It had even then no streets, nothing but the narrow lanes and open places (the streets mentioned in the Bible are rather "places," or squares); the surface was sand or mud from the time of Abraham to Herod, pavement being brought in by the Romans; open sewers ran down the middle of each narrow way, with all sorts of decomposing matter choking them up, and occasionally a dead cat or donkey. From time to time, indeed, it was necessary to open the gates of the city to let in the hyænas and jackals from the country around to act as scavengers. Most of the lanes were dark-arched

passages. The rich were walled off in clusters of houses surrounded by high walls with a well-guarded gate, while the poor lived the simple life about the city. At any time one might see a man sitting in the square by a few broken stones on which were piled a few sticks and some camels'-dung forming an odoriferous fire, upon which cooking in an old pan you would see some parched corn, olives, and lentils, with a bit of fat; this, with a flap of leather-like bread or cake and a little water, would form his one meal for the day, supplemented by some Lebanon tobacco; the meal over and the smoke ended, he would curl himself round on the stone and go fast asleep in the open air.

The roofs of this city were flat; the domes, now everywhere seen, are of Saracenic origin. In the time of Christ all the Jews wore red stripes to distinguish them from the Romans, Greeks, and Arabs; the Pharisees, of course, wore them twice as broad as the others.

Topographically, the city stood on two hills —Mount Zion to the south-west, and Mount Moriah to the north-east; while between them, running south-east, lay the Tyropœon, or Cheese-mongers' Valley, of great depth, spanned in one place ever since the days of Solomon by

a magnificent stone viaduct of five arches. In the time of Christ the city would look more like Athens or Antioch than our ideas of Jerusalem derived from Scripture. Two great castles were conspicuous, that of Antonia on Moriah, and that of David on Zion. The magnificent temple of Herod, rising 150 feet above the city, ornamented and plated with gold, dominated and glorified the whole city; but there were besides many heathen temples of stone and marble, circuses, amphitheatres, baths, and innumerable palaces of the corrupt nobles and courtiers of the time. The streets were crowded with people of every nation and of every country; and at the time of Christ the city was indeed a magnificent metropolis; as different from the silent, grey ruin of to-day as the bride in her early youth differs from the crushed widow in her sorrow.

We shall have much more to say about Jerusalem by-and-by, so that I hope by the time the reader has looked at all these pictures he will get a fairly complete view of the Holy City.

It only remains for me now to consider a little the relations between Samson, the strong hero of Philistia, and Jesus Christ of Nazareth, the crucified King of the Jews.

It will be naturally supposed that these relations are those of contrast between strength and weakness, between force and gentleness. We all think and speak of the strong Samson, and of the "gentle Jesus"; and yet, surprising as it may seem, my conjunction of the two is as much by way of resemblance as by that of contrast.

I would compare the strength of Samson and that of Christ, the spiritual force that energised the one with that which was the power of the other. I read in Ephesians vi. 10, "**Be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might,**" which sounds indeed even now, as it must have done in Roman ears at the time, as an extraordinary paradox. A Man of gentleness, a Man Whose "**voice was not heard in the streets,**" Who "**gave His cheek to the smiters,**" and Who, "**when He was reviled, reviled not again,**" was the last Person whom Rome, indeed, which represented the physical strength which characterised Samson, would have called strong. As an exhortation to Christianity, a Roman might have understood, "Be meek in the Lord," "Be patient in the Lord," "Be gentle as Christ"; but to point to Him as a specimen of strength was strange!

There can be no doubt that the strength of Christ was of an opposite character to that of Samson or of the Romans. The latter reached their strength by the suppression of all feelings, by the crushing of all tender sympathies, by physical strength coupled with an iron will; but the power of the will of Christ came from the very fact that His heart was melting with love; in His strength, it took a heart of wax to make the will of iron; it was His gentleness that made Him strong and that makes us great. When does the will become as steel? It is when the heart is softened by a deep affection. Youth may be unsteady and weak because the heart is not yet soft, but when love comes, when fatherhood comes, when responsibility comes, then the will becomes steadfast, and the courage as the strength of brass.

We see it in the hen, the sparrow, the cat, in their defence of their young with dauntless courage, and in a striking way this is the character of the new strength brought into this world by Christ; this is the strength of the Lord; it is firmness based on feeling. When we read "**He saved others, Himself He could not save,**" we do not understand infirmity

or weakness in the "could not," but the strength of a courage and will so unflinching that to shrink from the cross or to save Himself from its sufferings were alike impossible after Gethsemane, when He took the cup from His Father's hands.

We may observe, next, that both these strengths were placed on their trial; that of Samson by Delilah, and that of Christ by the devil.

There is a sense in which both Samson and Christ might be called Nazarites, Samson of course literally, but Christ only inasmuch as He was set apart to God for a special purpose (being in this like Samson), as the Deliverer of His people. The sign of Samson's obedience as a literal Nazarite lay in the vow concerning his hair, and this was also the source of his strength. The power of Christ lay also in a vow which He had voluntarily taken when He was made flesh and dwelt among us, **"Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God."** As long as these vows were kept the strength of neither could be lost.

Over Samson Delilah prevailed by the lusts of the flesh, and, once he became a sinner by his disobedience to his vow, as Adam of old,

his strength was gone. To the devil, the Lord, tempted under severer conditions than those of Samson, after a fast of forty days, answered only in the terms of His vow, which secured an immediate victory, "**Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God.**"

From the hour of his failure when tempted, Samson indeed disappears as a physical or a spiritual force, being overcome by the evil one; whereas from the hour of His temptation Jesus comes forth in the strength and power of the Spirit to manifest in this world a new force and order of strength, dependent on sacrifice and suffering.

The two are thus in marked contrast, although a faint connection may afterward be discovered with the Saviour in that both achieved their greatest victories in their death. If we would view the solemn battle-field, and see the Victor in His might, we must go to Gethsemane, and by that ancient olive-tree, on His knees sweating as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground, behold the Saviour of the world, the One in whom all strength lies, taking with unflinching resolution the cup from His Father's hand. "**Be strong in the Lord and in the power of His**

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE AND MOUNT OF OLIVES.

This looks due east and is the reverse of the preceding view. In front, between three cypresses on the left and two on the right, lies the Garden of Gethsemane. Half-way up the road over Olivet is where Christ wept over the city. In the immediate foreground, under the Temple wall, are Moslem tombs.

[*Photo by American Colony.*

IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

On the left is one of the old olives, supposed to be of the time of Christ, and still farther to the left (beyond the picture) is the scene of the Agony. The garden is enclosed, and flowers are grown by the monks. This view looks west.

might." Such an exhortation did not fall upon deaf ears then, nor does it now.

With regard to the spiritual strength of Christ, hear the language of His greatest apostle :

"And He said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee ; for My strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly, therefore, will I glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me. Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake ; for when I am weak, then am I strong" (2 Cor. xii. 9, 10).

And in the present day, some of the greatest deeds are accomplished by those who are weakest in physical strength ; some of the most surprising services are rendered by the unflinching tenacity and indomitable courage of frail and tender women, energised with spiritual power by the all-prevailing love of Christ. The Christian heroes of the mission-field are not such in virtue of a Roman stoicism or the physical force of another Samson, but in virtue of a heart on fire with the love of Christ, and of a melting sympathy with the needs of suffering humanity.

THE SECOND PICTURE.

JERICHO AND BETHLEHEM, OR RAHAB'S ROMANCE.

THE Jericho road still remains one of the most wonderful in the world, but I very much doubt that its wonders can ever be realised from descriptions, however graphic. To know what it is to go to Jericho, one must go. However, let us see what can be done within the compass of a short sketch.

Starting from our Jerusalem hotel, we drive there, of course, in one of the light but toughly built victorias of the country, with two or three sorry-looking, but excessively wiry, Arab steeds abreast, a driver like a bandit on the box, and three passengers inside. Everything about the conveyance may be described as "ramshackle" (whatever that may mean) to the last extent, but everything is adapted to the country. The very traces patched up with rope, seem contrived to break and so save the carriage should the horses slip

over a precipice. The wheels are most rickety and look as if one or two bumps would close their career of usefulness.

The springs, I am told, were originally American, but these all broke; then England was tried, and found wanting; and now an Austrian firm has discovered the secret of tempering steel so as to stand the road to Jericho! There can be no doubt that the victoria is the right type of carriage; for, being low and having no doors, you can jump out in a moment and so save life or limb in times of emergency.

This road has been a bad one from time immemorial. In the "Travels of a Mohar," a comic work in the style of Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad," and written by an Egyptian officer some thousand years before Abraham, describing his travels in Palestine, and found among the Tel-el-Amarna records in Egypt, this road is held up to execration. The writer complains that the wheels of his chariot came off, and that he had great difficulty in finding a blacksmith, but at last got it repaired by some Hittites!

Away we go outside the walls, driving along the northern face of the city between the two Jerusalems; that on the left is the new city,

and is as fresh and smart as the West End of London; that on the right is the old, as hoary and eastern as Damascus. We turn the corner of the city wall and enter the valley of Jehoshaphat, with the eastern side of the temple area high up on our right, the brook Kedron (dry in the spring and summer) below us on the left, and rising behind it the grey, stony slopes of the Mount of Olives.

We cross the dry brook over an ancient bridge just opposite the Garden of Gethsemane, and here the road divides. One passes over the Mount of Olives to Bethany, the other goes on along the left side of the valley until it reaches the southern slope of Olivet, where it gently winds round to the left between it and the Mount of Offence on the right.

This latter is the Jericho road, and we can well picture the striking procession coming along it and over the bridge we have just crossed on Palm Sunday—the road strewn with garments, the children shouting and waving palm-branches, and in the midst the Saviour riding on an ass, brought for the Master's use from the village hard by, the ruins of which lie on our right. Truly this is still a Via Sacra to all who love their Lord.

But here, just as we turn to the east, we must call a halt, for we have much to learn ere we turn our backs on the Holy City.

We must try and get the picture right in our minds. So far we have been descending the Valley of Jehoshaphat; first of all on the right bank 100 feet beneath the city wall, then crossing the bridge on the left along the foot of Olivet. Here, where we now halt, the road leaves the valley of the Kedron which descends rapidly before us, having on its right the heights of Zion and on its left the Mount of Offence with the dirty village of Siloam clinging to its side above the valley. We have passed the temple area and the sharp angle of its southern corner is nearly 200 feet above the valley. Mount Moriah, however, does not quite end with the temple wall, but continues south on a somewhat lower level under the name of Ophel.

This hill of Ophel is triangular in shape, with its apex due south. It is bounded on the east by the Jehoshaphat valley lying between us and it; on the west by the Tyropœon Valley betwixt it and Mount Zion; while between it and Mount Moriah on the north once ran a third valley, now filled up,

thus completely isolating a triangular hill with a top of an acre or two in extent. No one has ever attached much importance to this isolated hill, and it is solely due to the wonderful discoveries of two Englishmen in 1911 that we are stopping now and gazing upon it with such eyes of interest; for we are face to face with one of the most remarkable results of Palestine excavation.

The children of Judah in the time of Joshua took Jerusalem (Judges i. 8) but (Joshua xv. 13) they were not able to drive the Jebusites out of the fortress of Zion (or Ophel, as is now discovered) and this remained untouched and defiant for 400 years. It was impregnable, having, as we have seen, a valley on every side, and apparently its own supply of water from some hidden source.

Just opposite where our carriage now stands at the northern foot of Ophel is the Virgin's Fount, a real spring that now supplies the Pool of Siloam through a rock-cut conduit of the time of Hezekiah, discovered by Sir C. Warren some years ago (1867) (see 2 Chron. xxxii. 30, and 2 Kings xx. 20; and notes in *Companion Bible* (Bullinger)). The Pool of Siloam lies just opposite this village before us, at the

southern point of Ophel and at the entrance to the Cheesemongers' (or Tyropœon) Valley.

When David was thirty-seven years old he left Hebron and came to reign in Jerusalem; and there he found this defiant little Jebusite fortress on the hill opposite—the stronghold of Zion. But, though it had preserved its independence for 400 years, its hour was now come, and, disregarding the taunts hurled from its walls, David showed that he had discovered its secret by his cryptic utterance: "**Whosoever getteth up to the gutter and smiteth the Jebusites . . . he shall be chief and captain**" (2 Sam. v. 8).

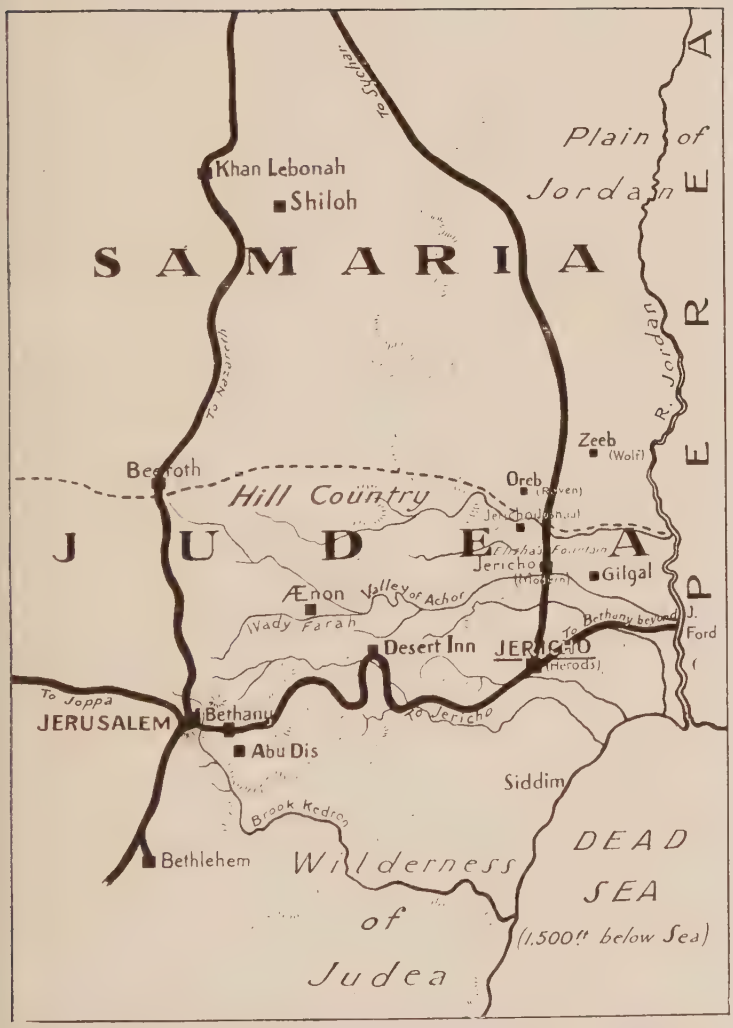
It is quite possible that this Jebusite secret was revealed to David by Araunah, the Jebusite, who owned a threshing-floor hard by on Mount Moriah (where now the Dome of the Rock stands), and was friendly to David (*Josephus*). But to us the secret remained hidden until the spring of 1911, when the British excavators laid bare a hidden shaft leading up from the Virgin's Fount to a large cave in the heart of Ophel, from whence a steep rock-staircase led up into the midst of the fortress! Here, then, was the secret source of the Jebusites water-supply; and up this

"gutter" Joab and his men crept and took the citadel, and he became captain of the king's host. This Ophel opposite to us then became "the city of David," and he soon extended it over Mount Zion on the other side of the Tyropœon Valley.

But we must tear ourselves away from these fascinating memories and return to our journey down to Jericho. Turning our backs on Jerusalem, we wind round the southern slope of Olivet and travel due east, and, passing Bethany and Bethphage (to be described later) on our left, and the robber village of Abu Dis on a hill on our right, we begin our downward journey of some 4,000 feet to the deep valley of the Jordan.

The road descends in steep zigzags which we can see miles ahead, like those over the Swiss mountain-passes. The country is arid and bare beyond belief; all vegetation is left behind; even the olive-tree is gone, and naked desolation reigns everywhere on these northern limits of the great wilderness of Judah, which extends southwards over a district the size of Sussex.

Half-way to Jericho we pass the Desert Inn, once the only house between Jerusalem and



JERUSALEM AND JERICHO (GREEK CITIES UNDERLINED), PICTURES 2, 8.

Jericho; and just below it, though we have rested there an hour, our carriage is suddenly pulled up again by the roadside.

At first sight we can see no reason for the halt. We are in the midst of the usual desolation, and far away below, on our right, a solitary labourer is ploughing a hopeless-looking little patch of ground with a strange team composed of a camel and an ass side by side.

But we are asked to ascend a steep bank on our left, and there suddenly, as we reach the top, we look down into a stupendous chasm. From north to south, worn away by hydraulic force to a depth of over 1,000 feet, lies a gloomy, rocky gorge, with dark, precipitous, overhanging cliffs; while far away below, on the opposite side to us, a black cleft is pointed out as Elijah's Cave; for the turbulent current deep in the gorge below is the brook Cherith, where the friendly ravens—whether birds or Arabs of that name (*Oreb* = a raven)—fed him by Divine providence. A field-glass reveals the tiny monastery of the monks of Elijah below the cave and their small gardens beneath it. Lower down, as this gorge, which runs parallel and to the north of our road, opens out into the Jordan

Valley, it becomes the Valley of Achor, where a heap of stones covers the body of Achan, put to death for theft at the taking of the Jericho of Joshua's day that lies just north of it.

We return to our road, which now begins to descend at a steeper gradient. Very soon, having been on the way now some four hours or more, we have to get out of the carriage; for the last stretch of road descends in such steep zigzags that we can neither ride down it in comfort nor drive up it on our return. We now see, a thousand feet below us, the desert of the Jordan Valley, some 12 miles broad—an endless stretch of yellow, shifting hills of sand, with a narrow green band across it, traced by the brook Cherith on our left on its way to the Jordan.

This river flows from north to south just under that unbroken wall of cliffs that bound the plain eastward. These extend in a continuous line for 100 miles, and rise gradually to a height of 2,000 feet or more in the upland of Perea beyond Jordan. Right in front of us are the two summits of Nebo and Pisgah. Down beneath us on our right the sandy plain is bounded by the sky-blue waters of the Dead Sea.

Before walking down the hill let us for a moment consider these waters of river and sea.

The Jordan has a course of about 100 miles that is absolutely unique among rivers.

It rises by two heads, and, falling rapidly, soon descends to the level of the sea; so that shortly after its birth its channel has reached the lowest level of all other rivers. One head wells out of the earth at Dan, the northern limit of Palestine proper; the other near Cæsarea Philippi (Tel-el-Kadi) to the south. The Jordan rushes down rocky gorges till, at the Sea of Galilee, it is already 500 feet below the level of the sea; thence it flows more slowly onward through the deepest valley in the earth's surface, reaching, as it enters into the Dead Sea, some 1,400 feet below the sea-level. No other river has such a course, such a source, such an end.

The Dead Sea, some fifty miles long and ten or twelve broad, is of great depth to the north, and very shallow to the south where once stood Sodom and Gomorrah. It is by no means devoid of life, as birds fly over it and swim in it. Trees and shrubs are seen on its banks, but fish cannot live in it, as it is six times as salt as the ocean.

The whole of Palestine, and especially the

Jordan Valley, is of a volcanic nature. There are many hot and sulphureous springs, also emissions of pitch and bitumen. Terrible earthquakes have occurred, and, according to Ezekiel, will again be felt in this region.

As we descend now into the plain some 1,400 feet below the sea, we find the sun presses on the head with a weight that is felt nowhere else. It is not merely that one suffers from the stifling heat, but also from a crushing weight that seems to press us down. We drive over the sandy heaps where once stood Herod's Jericho, and, turning sharply to the right, go over a terrible succession of slippery hillocks of sand and clay and slimy pits; for here is the northern end of the Vale of Siddim.

It is some four miles yet to the Dead Sea, and here or hereabouts the famous battle between the four and five kings with long names took place, that erstwhile afforded much amusement to sceptical critics, but is now established as an historical fact. Every year painstaking study and archæological discovery are lessening the recognised list of Scripture difficulties; and if the Moslem rule did not so terribly paralyse research in the Holy Land the advance would be much more rapid

Another five miles of equally bumpy driving brings us to Jordan's banks, at the spot where St. John the Baptist began to baptize, opposite the lower Bethabara (or ford) from whence he slowly worked up the stream, until, at the Upper Bethabara, opposite Bethshan and near to Nazareth, the Lamb of God was baptized by him in this river. At the spot where we now are we see a broad, shallow, and rapid muddy stream fringed with dense thickets of oleander and various shrubs half a mile wide.

This is the spot where thousands of pilgrims bathe at a time, where the Russian pilgrims, who have cut their shrouds the size of the anointing stone in the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, now dip them in the sacred waters and lay them by for their burial in Russia. Here Elijah crossed before he was caught up to heaven in a chariot of fire, and here Elisha recrossed on his way back to Jericho. Here, and for some miles up the river, a dry channel was left for the thousands of Israel to enter the Promised Land dryshod, and here at the bottom of the river still repose the twelve stones of the tribes of Israel in the place where stood the priests' feet that bore the Ark of the Covenant. Across here the blessed Lord

passed, on His way to the cross, with the caravan from Galilee, as He journeyed through Jericho.

Memories crowd upon us at this sacred spot, and it is a relief to enter a boat and row slowly under the red cliffs of Moab up the stream and find ourselves alone on the sacred river, shut in by the tropical growth on the banks; the blue sky above and our hearts full of an overwhelming emotion and a joy that is unspeakable though full of glory.

Re-entering our carriage, we drive past Gilgal, now a mound of sand, over the camp of Israel's conquering thousands, and reach modern Jericho, two miles to the north of Herod's Jericho, and consisting of two small hotels and a few dilapidated houses. After some rest and refreshment, we proceed two miles north-west to the Jericho of Joshua's day, where we reach the final climax of the day's wonders.

Seven years before our two-mile drive along a lane kept green by the sweet stream flowing from Elisha's fountain at Jericho terminated at a pool like a swimming-bath, which is Elisha's spring, whose bitter waters were made "sweet" 3,000 years ago by a "cruse of

salt." Behind them rose a fragment of stone wall that was pointed out as the sole remains of Joshua's Jericho. There were even then, however, traditions amongst the Bedouin and inhabitants of modern Jericho to the effect that the sand-hills behind it marked where possibly the ancient Jericho might be found.

The legend ran that a city stood there once that was very wicked. One day an army, led by a powerful sultan, came and camped close beside it. The sultan rode round and round the city many times, and all the walls fell down and the inhabitants were killed.

How different the scene on our present visit! We pass behind the broken wall and there, before our eyes, lies the whole of the little fortress of the Canaanite Jericho of Joshua's day, freed at last from the sand that has covered it some twenty or thirty feet deep for thirty centuries!

It is a crowded collection of small, sun-dried mud dwellings with a strong mud wall round it and a moat faced with rough stones outside. The wall and the houses are now gone, but you may walk round on the foundations of the city wall in about twenty minutes. It is said that the Austrian professor who excavated it found

the top of the old wall at the bottom of the moat, showing it had fallen over or downwards (see Joshua vi. 20, "**the wall fell down under it**" (Heb.)). There is no sign anywhere of an earthquake. At the northern side of the little town there is a house built actually on the wall, or rather forming the wall at that spot, and this is clearly Rahab's house, as there is none other in the whole circumference. When the walls fell, it is evident this house could not fall, as it was not a mud rampart or wall but a house.

As I stood in Rahab's front room (she appears to have had two rooms on a floor) I could see where she bound the scarlet cord as evidence of her faith in Jehovah and where she let the spies down into the moat from her window. Her house is supposed to have been a place of entertainment or small inn in Jericho, which she kept, for the word describing her calling has a wide significance. All about lay broken Canaanitish water-jugs, grindstones, balls of flint (thrown at Joshua's army), and other genuine relics of Rahab's time; but by now all these will have disappeared.

The town stands beneath the frowning Mount of Temptation, the traditional scene of

THE RIVER JORDAN.

This is the lowest ford of the Jordan, looking up the river, which is here about 3 feet deep. Here the Children of Israel, Elijah, and Elisha crossed miraculously, and here Jesus walked across (without any miracle) on His last journey to Jerusalem.

RAHAB'S HOUSE ON THE WALL.

This is a unique view of Joshua's Jericho, now excavated after over 3,000 years. It is all built of dried mud, and the base of the mud wall is shown at A A. The upper part fell downwards and outwards into the ditch, D, which surrounded the little city. B is placed in the window of Rahab's house, the only house on the wall, and it looks due north. C is the back of her house. It was at B that she let down the spies and bound the scarlet cord.

our Lord's conflict with Satan before His baptism.

As we stand in Rahab's house it takes very little to reproduce the scene on the seventh day of the siege. Before doing so we must just allude to various scattered stone walls standing about and extending also east of this old Jericho, and of which the wall above the pool is one. These are the remains of Hiel of Bethel's Jericho, who rebuilt the city in defiance of the curse, and where subsequently a school of the prophets lived under Elisha.

Standing, then, with Rahab and her people in her house on the wall 3,363 years ago, we find all the inhabitants of the city crowding the mud walls intently watching the magnificent pageant that had been passing before their eyes for six days already. A mighty host of armed men with their banners, headed by white-robed priests blowing trumpets who surrounded the golden ark, and forming a complete circle round the city, had moved in perfect silence all this time.

Now, on the seventh day, the people of Jericho crowding the walls to the last man, having no cause for fear, observed the procession moving out of the camp at Gilgal,

some six miles away, with the earliest dawn; the ark going first and the endless array of armed men led by Naashon, the proud prince of the royal tribe of Judah, bearing the banner of the tribe on which was emblazoned the lion. This emblem was brought to England by Richard Cœur de Lion and placed upon our royal standard.

To their amazement, the Jericho men saw the gorgeous pageant recommence its march after it had passed the walls once and circle the city a second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth time, marching the whole lifelong day in silence.

The excitement would be raised to its highest pitch. Even the children would be brought out to see the amazing sight, which was soon to end in a catastrophe but little anticipated; for it would appear that, in the providence of God, they were to render themselves utterly defenceless.

On their seventh round that mighty army still marched without a sound. At last they halted; the supreme moment had come; the banners waved, the trumpets blew, and at the same time a deafening battle-shout or roar from that great host all round the walls rent the air for the first time, and the people of

Jericho, pressing forward with all their might to see what was happening, might very well cause a similar sudden catastrophe that was repeated before an astonished London some years ago. It will be remembered that, when the public was denied the right of speaking in Hyde Park, a mighty mob in Park Lane were seething and pressing against the iron railings when suddenly they fell down flat before them on the grass and all the mob rushed in!

In like manner it appears probable that the pressure on these mud walls proved too great at the supreme moment, arranged by the Lord's command, and at that critical instant the wall gave way and fell downward into the moat below, filling it up, and leaving the city an open prey to the Israelites.

It must not be imagined for a moment that this was planned by man. It is written in Hebrews xi. 30, "**By faith the walls of Jericho fell down, after they were compassed about seven days.**" That march round the city was in simple faith and obedience. How and why the walls should fall the Israelites did not know; they had but to obey. And, just as Naaman's seventh dip in Jordan cured his leprosy, so that seventh day's march brought

down the walls, and it is at the least probable it was in the manner I have suggested.

Of course the interpretation of the event given is merely presented as a suggestion, and those who regard it in any way as too prosaic, or as limiting divine power, can still picture any alternative method that seems to them more in accordance with the text.

And now, with the tragedy of Jericho, begins the unparalleled romance of Rahab.

We have not, I trust, forgotten that the leader of the troops by right of his birth, as Joshua was captain by Divine right, was Naashon, the prince of the tribe of Judah, in command of 74,000 warriors. He was the head of the whole army as it marched (Numbers x. 14), and being also brother-in-law of Moses and Aaron (both of whom were now dead), he was in every respect the chief and most important man of Israel that day—apart from Joshua.

When the fatal moment came Rahab saw the destruction of the city and the salvation of herself and her house (see also Acts xvi. 31) by virtue of the scarlet line and her faith in God. She might well have her heart filled with praise as she thought of her great salva-

tion, saved alive with her family out of the city, and marching on with her new friends to the conquest of the Promised Land.

In like manner, the man who finds that God assures his salvation, remits all his sins, and delivers him from judgment by virtue of a simple faith in Christ as his Saviour, has his heart full of joy and gratitude and his mouth filled with praise at his wonderful deliverance out of the city of destruction.

The faith of Rahab has immortalised her name alone out of the thousands of Jericho (Hebrews xi. 31) and the believer's name in like manner is inscribed and will stand for ever in the Lamb's book of life.

But this wonderful mercy, this saving grace, that seems more than the mind can grasp or the heart can understand, is but the beginning of the marvels of salvation, just as it was the first step in the romance of Rahab.

It is written in Hannah's prayer: "**He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory**" (1 Sam. ii. 8), and so it was fulfilled, and even surpassed, in the story we have now to unfold.

The land was at length conquered and to Judah was allotted the ancient town of Bethlehem-Ephratah, some six miles south of Jerusalem.

It almost amounts to a certainty, to those who know the unchanging customs of the East, that when we find Boaz established there as the chief sheikh and landed proprietor of the district (for the very name Bethlehem—house of bread—was derived from the far-famed fields of Boaz, which were corn-fields that had no parallel in Judah); that as he was the son of Salmon, the son of Naashon, the prince of Judah of whom we have spoken, that Naashon had his portion allotted to him in Bethlehem. This would consist of a house and lands extending down the eastern valley and embracing the celebrated fields of wheat and barley. Here, then, the great warrior would rest, and his next concern would be to choose a bride for his firstborn—Salmon. All this time there is no word whatever of Rahab till she now makes a most dramatic re-entry into our story.

Those who know how strictly in Palestine their sons' wives were selected by their parents, and understand the Eastern marriage customs,

will see that the prince of Judah's son, Salmon, must have a suitable mate of his own rank in life—some princess, perhaps, from some other tribe, but in any case one of pure Israelitish descent, of unstained character, and of high degree. It can well be imagined, therefore, with what surprise, amounting to consternation, the news would circulate in Bethlehem that young Salmon was about to wed his fair captive, Rahab, the Canaanite. In all three requisites she utterly failed, but that same Hand which lifteth "**the beggar from the dung-hill**" set her among princes, and thus Rahab became the wife of Salmon,[1] son of Naashon, and mother of Boaz, the husband of Ruth. The story gives no hint as to how the difficulties were overcome ; but we cannot be wrong in believing that love was the real motive-power in this amazing marriage. Is not this a striking picture of the way we are not only delivered from the wrath to come, but are made sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty ?

To understand the story further, we must

[1] Matt. i. 5 : It is clear she was his *wife*, as Boaz inherited the property. It is remarkable that in the Old Testament we get no hint of this marriage, possibly on account of its extraordinary character.

pause a moment to take a look at the town and at Rahab's new house.

Bethlehem to-day is a smiling town on the Judæan hills some fifteen miles north of Hebron and Mamre, some six miles south of Jerusalem and the border of Benjamin, and twelve to fifteen miles west of the Dead Sea. These distances seem small to us, but it must be remembered that, in a land where the average rate of travel is three miles an hour instead of thirty, as in ours, these miles must be multiplied by ten to represent the real time it takes to get from one place to another.

This little town, called since the days of Naashon "Bethlehem-judah," has always been prosperous, and associated with some special occupation. As soon as the temple was built on Mount Moriah the weaving of the veils and curtains of the temple and its courts became, it is said, part of the work of the town, and was reported to be specially carried on by the family of Jesse. At the present time the work of Bethlehem is principally the elaborate carving of holy scenes and places in mother-of-pearl.

We must picture this town, built on some small hills, one mile to the right of the great

Photo by American Colony.

THE "SHEPHERDS' FIELDS" AT BETHLEHEM.

This shows Bethlehem on the hill, a mile to the background, to the west. The foreground shows the fields where the sheep for the Temple sacrifices were kept, while to the right (beyond the picture) lie the corn-fields of Boaz.

THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY, ON THE SITE OF DAVID'S HOUSE.

(A) Here is the only entrance to the building. In front is the market-place of Bethlehem, while a mile behind the building lie the fields of Boaz.

southern road from Jerusalem to Hebron and Egypt; while just at the spot where the road from Bethlehem joins that from Jerusalem stands Rachel's tomb, which still marks the site of the tent in which she died in giving birth to Benjamin. The eastern wall of the town ran along the top of the hill that overlooks the fertile plain of Bethlehem on the east; while on its northern slope, a little above the plain and just outside the wall, stood the stately home of Boaz; also, of Salmon and Rahab, being, as we have good reason to believe, originally the inheritance of Naashon, prince of Judah!

On this spot to-day stands the Church of the Nativity, and it is in connection with this church that we proceed to follow the romance of Rahab.

The pathetic idyll of Ruth, the Moabitess, hardly needs recapitulation here. The burning love of the young Gentile widow to her mother-in-law, Naomi, has been for all time the pattern of complete devotion and heart-surrender; and her impassioned language has been re-echoed in many breasts: "**Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go;**

and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

We see in the story, also, the confirmation of the leading position of Boaz in Bethlehem, for he was "**a mighty man of wealth.**" A delightful and unique insight is given us into the life of the time, and, after the claims of a nearer kinsman are disposed of, Boaz adds to his already large possessions the whole property of Elimelech and his two sons, and takes in marriage the Moabitess, Ruth.

This would not strike Boaz as being a very unusual step, when his own mother, Rahab, was a Canaanitess from Jericho. Further back, also, Judah himself, the son of Jacob, married Shua, a Canaanitess (1 Chron. ii. 3), and to this royal tribe Boaz belonged. It is true the Moabites were under a deeper curse than the Canaanites (Deut. xxiii. 3), but Ruth had left her people and her father's house, and, like Rahab, once more the beggar is taken from the dunghill and set among princes. According to our genealogy, Ruth's son, Obed, was David's grandfather; but this could hardly be literally so, for if Salmon married Rahab in or about the year 1450 B.C. and if David

were born 990 B.C. (or even, according to the ordinary chronology, 1083), a period of between 360 to 460 years is covered by four lives—Salmon, Boaz, Obed, and Jesse. The inference, therefore, seems clear that, as in a royal lineage, it is not necessary to include every link (as with an ordinary genealogy), certain names are omitted in this pedigree in order that the genealogy of Pharez (Ruth iv. 18-22) may be included in ten generations; as Adam to Noah is ten, Shem to Abraham is ten, Salmon to Zedekiah is twenty. So, also, in Matt. i. we have three times "fourteen generations," and so also we find Ruth herself dropped out in Ruth iv. 17 (see *Companion Bible*, p. 365, *Bullinger*). One or two unnamed links between Rahab and David do not, however, affect her marvellous romance with which we are now concerned. When David was crowned king at Hebron at thirty years of age, the renown of Rahab the Canaanitess was advanced yet another step in its upward progress, and she became the ancestress of the most famous royal line in Israel.

But I shall greatly fail in my task and omit its most interesting features if I neglect to

point out as we go along that all that was true of Rahab is true in principle of every believer now. Born under the curse, citizens of this world, doomed to destruction, we were born again on our faith in Christ Jesus by water and the Spirit. We were then raised and united with the Prince of Peace, our Lord Jesus Christ. A second picture of the believer in the idyll of Ruth the Moabitess presents our glorious position by grace as the result of love rather than of faith. Here the heart is captured by the object of its affections. This is rather the story of Mary Magdalene, who loved much because she had been forgiven much, than that of Peter or Paul, whose faith was stronger.

I think there comes in each of our lives a turning-point when we go backwards or forwards. In Rahab's case, as far as we know, the only chance she had of salvation was when, in the Providence of God, the two spies were sent to her house, bringing no doubt with them the knowledge of Jehovah.

The King of Jericho sent for them, and then came the turning-point in her life! If she obeyed the king and delivered them up, her own fate was sealed for ever. If, on the other hand, she took their side, her destiny hence-

forth was linked with theirs, and salvation and all its glorious results (passing all understanding) was hers. She took the right turning, she made the right decision, she hid the men and put her trust upon the scarlet line in her window, as once on a dark night in Egypt these men's parents had put their trust in a scarlet stain on their lintel and door-posts in Egypt—the blood of the Lamb.

It was not otherwise with Ruth, though, as I have said, love ruled in her rather than faith.

Naomi, a widow, bereft of her sons and her husband, living away in Moab, determined to return to Bethlehem when she heard that the famine was over. So—

"She went forth out of the place where she was, and her two daughters-in-law with her; and they went on the way to return unto the land of Judah. And Naomi said unto her two daughters-in-law, Go, return each to her mother's house: the Lord deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt with the dead and with me. . . . And they said unto her, Surely we will return with thee unto thy people. And Naomi said, Turn again my daughters; why will ye go with me? . . . And they lifted up

their voice, and wept again: and Orpah kissed her mother-in-law, but Ruth clave unto her. And she said, Behold thy sister-in-law is gone back unto her people, and unto her gods: return thou after thy sister-in-law. And Ruth said, . . . the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

Here in the lives of these two girls we see again what came in Rahab's story and so often comes in our lives—the parting of the two ways—the one leading to the right and the other to the left. And how often the whole future of our lives, unknown to us, depends on which of those two turnings we take! The two went on together to a certain point; they both wept; they both professed their love to Naomi; but when it came to the crucial test which decided their future, Orpah kissed her mother-in-law and went back to her country and to her gods, while Ruth clave to this poor broken-down widow and saw in her a greater attraction, a greater power than in the whole of her friends, the whole of her country, and the whole of her gods. She readily turned her back upon all these for the sake of this desolate, broken-hearted woman. To us this is a parable preg-

nant with meaning, for these things were written aforetime for our instruction.

The same thing surely occurs at some time or other with us. There is no man or woman who has never heard the voice of God. He speaks to us at various times and in different ways, but there are special occasions which stand out from the rest. Some of us can remember when the issue of our lives depended upon whether we listened to that Voice or not.

I think we have little idea how often in our inner thoughts, in the suggestions that spring to us deep out of our own unconsciousness, we hear the Voice of the Almighty. And it is a great thing at a critical time to be able to make the right decision. This is the point. What was there about Ruth and Rahab that enabled them at the crucial moment, though they did not know it themselves, to make a right decision which influenced the whole of their future lives, which brought them into unexpected possessions and privileges, and made them the direct progenitors of the royal line of David? What was it?

With Rahab it was God-given faith just at the critical moment; with Ruth it was a captured heart. How is it with us? Is it either, is it

both, or is it neither? I think we must know the answer pretty well as we study these lovely pictures of old.

Ruth was controlled by love. There is nothing so affecting as the heart of a dog. When he gives his heart he gives it all, and never, never can he take it back. A dog can die, and often has died, for a loved master, but he can never break the chain of love.

Was Ruth not rather like this? "**Where thou goest I will go; thy people shall be my people; where thou diest will I die and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.**" Is not that like a dog's heart? Her mind was made up because her heart was gone; it was her affection that governed her intellect. It was no use reasoning with her and saying, "That is very foolish; it is much wiser to go back." No, instinctively she chose the right without knowing why she did it, or how. But we know. It was by the law of love! Oh! how this law quickens the wits, and gives the right instinct at the critical moment! How it gave it to her, and how much she got by it!

The word to us is still "**If thou canst believe**" (like Rahab) and "**My son, give me**

thine heart" (like Ruth). How little did either Rahab or Ruth know of the tremendous issues that hung upon their decision! And how lightly and carelessly we often act in face of prospects that, as the apostle says, "surpass all understanding"!

But we must proceed with our story, which deepens in interest as we go on.

At nearly sixty years of age David had to flee from Absalom his son over the Mount of Olives right away to a northern city of refuge, Mahanaim in Gilead, the other side of Jordan some 100 miles north-east of Jerusalem. Here he met with three great sheikhs who cared for him, and one of them, Barzillai, came back with him on his return to Jerusalem as far as the Jordan.

The King pressed him hard to come back with him to the capital and take a place at the royal table; but it was Barzillai's eightieth birthday, and he said he could not come, but must return to be buried by his father and mother's side in Gilead. He had, however, a boy, Chimham, and him he offered to take his place. So David returned with Chimham and treated him as his own son, and commended him to Solomon when he died. Chimham, therefore, lived all his life as

a son of David, and the next mention of him is in Jeremiah xli. 17, where, naturally enough, we read of him in connection with Bethlehem. It speaks of the "**habitation** (or inn) **of Chimham, which is by Bethlehem.**" The site of Boaz and David's house was by Bethlehem, and on the same situation, as far as can be made out, was this khan of Chimham. It would thus appear that the old home of David had become the possession of the king's adopted son, and indeed there seems no other way to account for the presence of Chimham in Bethlehem.

We must therefore suppose that David gave him his house at Bethlehem, according to his promise to do all he could for Chimham, to whom he became so much attached, as is seen by his message to Solomon (1 Kings ii. 7); and thus we can readily see how Chimham got his habitation there.

And that this was so appears the more probable in that, as we know, the dwelling was large and spacious, and well fitted to be converted into a khan or inn at Chimham's death, as would appear from Jeremiah.

A khan was a great benefit to a town, and we are told this khan was one of great importance, as being the starting-place of

caravans to Egypt. To give a khan to a town then was equivalent to giving a park or a hospital now.

It seems clear, therefore, from the scattered allusions and the situation of the house, that the house of Rahab, Boaz and Ruth, Jesse and David, after passing into the hand of Chimham, was given to Bethlehem as a khan bearing his name.

The occasion of its notice in Jeremiah is somewhat remarkable.

It appears that at this time Ishmael, of the Jewish royal house, killed Gedaliah the Babylonish governor of Nebuchadrezzar. Johanan, another Jewish leader, fearing the wrath of the King of Babylon, fled with a mixed multitude, including the daughters of Zedekiah, Jeremiah, and Baruch, down to Egypt. But beside Bethlehem, at the khan of Chimham, where the caravan had to be made up, he stayed some little time, during which Jeremiah prayed for ten days for divine guidance, as to whether the people should flee into Egypt or no: and the answer was "No." Johanan, however, determined to go on, declared God had not spoken by Jeremiah, and proceeded on his journey with all his company, including Jere-

miah, and they returned no more to the land of Israel.

A veil now drops over the house of David "by Bethlehem" until, nearly six hundred years afterwards, along the Bethlehem road from Jerusalem, Joseph and Mary came to be taxed, probably about September 20, the first day of the Feast of Tabernacles.

Bethlehem was so near Jerusalem that it was always filled at feast-times, and Joseph found no room for them in the well-known khan.

Those who know the East understand well that the "inn" of Luke ii. 7 could be none other than the khan of Chimham, the house of David and Boaz.

In an eastern district there is but one khan, and its site and name never change. The Holy Land has several khans now of the time of Christ—the khan of Lebonah in Samaria, the khan Jubb Jusef in Galilee, and some others.

This khan at Bethlehem was well known, and the word "*the* inn" shows this was so.

Where the Church of the Nativity now stands there are many holes in the rocky hill-sides. The formation of the limestone

rock lends itself here to the formation of caves, which are very numerous hereabouts, and often provided a refuge for David himself.

These might well form the stables in the courtyard of the "inn," and in one of these Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin.

None have seriously disputed the fact that the "grotto" of the Nativity, with the silver star in its floor, marks the spot where Christ was born.

And this brings us at last to the consummation of the story of the poor Canaanitish woman of Jericho, and gives a deeper meaning to the distinguished place given to her in the lineage of the Lord in Matt. i.

Mark well the steps, for in principle they are reproduced in the Christian's history. Saved from destruction and from sin by her faith, she becomes a prince's bride, and, instead of a lonely house on the wall at Jericho, has a mansion and great possessions at Bethlehem. Her marriage is blessed with issue, and her offspring, David, becomes King of Israel, and her line goes on without a break until, in her own house, her own lineal descendant is born—a Saviour, Jesus Christ the Lord; and "**peace on earth and good-will to man**" form one

of the marvellous results of her momentous decision on that memorable day of Jericho.

The believer's story, like Rahab's or Ruth's, has no end. Both begin in faith and love; but, once Christ is ours and we are His, we share His triumphs to all eternity. We become the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty; we sit at His table, and live with Him in heaven; and in the ages to come God is pleased to associate us with the triumph of Christ in other worlds than ours to all intelligences, principalities, and powers; so that a vista of inconceivable glory is opened up to the humblest believer, Canaanite though he be. "**Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.**"

So in these lovely pictures that we have looked at from the Old Testament the glories are only brightly foreshadowed, while in the New it is written, "**But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit**" (1 Cor. ii. 9, 10)

THIRD PICTURE

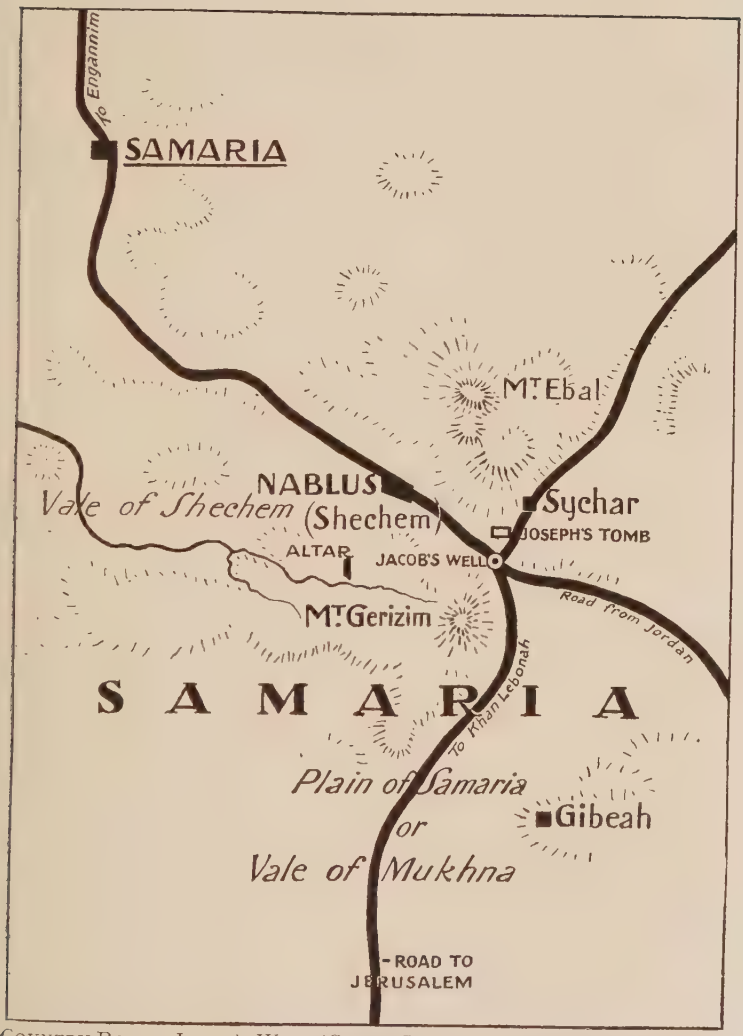
THE TWO SAMARITANS: A STORY AND A HISTORY

LEAVING Jerusalem by the Damascus Gate, the road to Samaria passes to the west of Calvary, reaching in five minutes the English Cathedral Church and Bishop's Palace, beyond which lie the so-called "Tombs of the Kings." The large and rapidly increasing new suburb built of stone stretches away on the left-hand side, containing schools, hospitals, hotels, and large public buildings.

We are now on the great Damascus road that we follow nearly as far as Nazareth, which, as the crow flies, is about sixty-five miles from Jerusalem, or as far as from London to Oxford; but, by the paths we have to go, it is not less than eighty miles, and this can be travelled with hard riding in two long days, while ordinary travellers require three or four days on horseback. It is possible go to the

whole way by carriage, by making a detour, as there is a road to Shechem and from thence westward to Carmel and Haifa and so on to Nazareth. Christ continually travelled along this road, it being a mistake to suppose that he habitually took the eastern route along the other side of the Jordan by Peræa to avoid Samaria. The fact is, as Josephus tells us, the Galilæans were not nearly so particular about ceremonial defilement as the Judæans, and passing through Samaria, with its chance of eating food or touching vessels defiled by Samaritans, was much less a difficulty to the former than to the latter. The result was that, when the Galilæans came to Jerusalem, it was generally by the direct route through Samaria; although the great Easter caravans, when any defilement would have meant being cut off from the Passover, sometimes crossed the Jordan, and, avoiding Samaria, came through Peræa and Jericho. On the other hand, the Jews who had to go to Galilee preferred if possible to avoid Samaria at all times.

Travelling due north, we reach Beeroth, twelve miles from Jerusalem, leaving Gibeah of Saul on our left, and having Bethel and Shiloh on the hill-tops to the right. This was



COUNTRY ROUND JACOB'S WELL (GREEK CITIES UNDERLINED), PICTURE 3.

the first halting-place of the caravan on its return from Jerusalem, when of course all danger of defilement for the Feast was over; and it is believed to be here that Mary and Joseph first missed the child Jesus when He was twelve years of age.

Looking back, one can see the tower of the Greek church on Olivet and many of the buildings of Jerusalem, and one can imagine with what aching hearts the two, leaving their Galilæan friends to go on their way, turned back to Jerusalem, and for three days searched the city in vain, finding Him at last where they might have looked for Him at first, in His Father's house; not teaching the Rabbis, as is often erroneously thought, which would have been quite inconsistent with His age, but hearing them and asking them questions, as was customary for boys to do (Ex. 12[26]).

We continue northward along rolling valleys and sunny hills until at last we emerge at the southern end of the fertile Vale of Mukhna, or Plain of Samaria. Lying below us the road descends in long zigzags down to the very ancient Khan of Lebonah, which stands at the commencement of the valley by the side of a lovely spring, and dates from the time of

Christ. Here, with His disciples, He must often have spent the night on His journeys to and from Jerusalem.

A drive of another hour or two along the left side of this fertile vale, which is about three miles broad, brings us to the eastern slope of Mount Gerizim, in Samaria. Before us is Mount Ebal, rising to a height of 2,800 feet—two hundred higher than Gerizim—and between the two is the most beautiful valley in Palestine, the Vale of Shechem, which here, at right angles, joins the great Valley of Mukhna, up which we have driven.

We are now in the centre of Samaria. Two miles to our left up the valley lies Shechem, now called Nablous, a corruption of Neapolis; it is situated in the tribe of Ephraim, and is still a large town on the northern slope of Gerizim; it has no less than eighty springs of water, giving a wonderful fertility to the valley in which it stands, which is full of flowers, green verdure, growing crops, and abundant fruit of all sorts; soft mists rise before the glowing heat of the day, and nightingales and other birds sing in the woods.

Just above the city the two mountains

approach so near, and have such acoustic properties, that, as has been proved, a voice carries across with great ease. Here Joshua and the priests were stationed, while six tribes placed on one mountain and six tribes on the other repeated the blessings and the curses pronounced on that memorable occasion.

Shechem was the city of Joshua and the judges, just as, later, Zion was the city of David and the kings; it is believed to have been an ancient city and a holy place five hundred years before Jerusalem became a Hebrew town, and many of the tribes are said to have objected to the latter being made the capital of the whole country. Shechem may be called the Moscow of Palestine, and Jerusalem rather the St. Petersburg. Rehoboam was not satisfied until he had left Jerusalem to be made king at Shechem; but it is in Jerusalem that God has placed His Name, and to us there is no real comparison between the two.

Here is found what is left of the small tribe of the Samaritans, numbering now but some 120 feeble, anæmic, and timid-looking people. The noblest figure among them is their high priest, whom I had the pleasure of meeting

seven years before in Jerusalem, when he made a noteworthy speech at the great International Conference which was held there. You go now into their small secluded synagogue to the south of the city, and there you are generally shown a copy of their ancient Pentateuch; but it is possible to get a sight of the original volume, stated, probably erroneously, to be 2,400 years old. It is a very large roll of parchment with one small portion exposed, covered with thick glass, beneath which the archaic Hebrew characters can be made out.

It is interesting and surprising to note with what fire and conviction the high priest still dilates upon the, to him, obvious fact that Gerizim is the only place where men ought to worship Jehovah. He points out that the ark was left there by Joshua, that all accounts of its removal are in spurious records of the Jews; that the whole story of Shiloh and Samuel and Eli are "inventions of the Evil One"; and the temple of Jerusalem, with the supposed sanctity of Mount Moriah, nothing less than a fraud, it being on Gerizim that Abraham would have offered up his son Isaac.

Even at his advanced age he is actively engaged in disseminating what he believes to be the truth on this subject, and points you to the ruins on Mount Gerizim, above his head, of the magnificent temple built by Sanballat, the Horonite, in opposition to the temple which Nehemiah was restoring at the time in Jerusalem. There, to this day, the Paschal lamb is sacrificed as nowhere else in the whole world, and is indeed perhaps the most interesting sight of a religious nature to see in all Palestine.

Six miles north of Shechem we come to the town of Samaria. We leave Shechem by the Western Gate and turn off the carriage road that passes on to Carmel and Haifa. Here are the remains of noble Roman aqueducts and the whole country was evidently once very thickly populated. We turn north, and before us on a high hill lie the remains of the magnificent capital of Omri and of Herod. Away to the west on the sea-coast lies Cæsarea, which was the capital of Palestine in the time of the Acts of the Apostles. Philip came there after baptizing the eunuch on the Philistine Plain; Cornelius was baptized there by Peter, and Paul preached there and embarked

at this port for Rome. The Southern Gate of Cæsarea by which Peter entered from Joppa, and the ruins of the palace where Paul was imprisoned are still shown.

Samaria has perhaps the most picturesque ruins of any town in Palestine; there is no house standing, although to the south are the monastery and the tomb of John the Baptist; but around the hill, like a diadem, stand the more or less continuous double row of Corinthian pillars built by Herod; there is a noble amphitheatre in very good preservation on the eastern slope, while well-marked ruins of palaces, baths, theatres, and temples abound on the hill. All these are the remains of the Roman city of Herod, and it was a truly magnificent capital. This was the scene of the great mission of Philip (Acts viii. 5), and here it is most probable he would meet some of the converts of our Lord from Sychar, where Christ had stayed four years before.

Professor Selling, who excavated Joshua's Jericho, has made extensive researches on the western slope, and has succeeded in unearthing, at a depth of over twenty feet below the surface, the Samaria of Omri and Ahab. You can now see and stand in the ancient gate

of this earlier Samaria—the very place where the lepers stood during that three years' siege of the city, when they announced to the unbelieving inhabitants that their enemies had fled, leaving their camp and baggage behind them. The remains have also been found of Ahab's ivory palace, the home of Jezebel, and a large quantity of old Hebrew pottery has been discovered, bearing inscriptions in the same characters as those found in the Conduit of Siloam, showing that it dates from the days of Hezekiah.

From Samaria, still travelling northward, a long ride brings us to the southern border of the great Plain of Esdraelon, which marks the northern limit of this country. We journey along the partially made road for the railway which is coming down this way to Jerusalem. The country is still wild; to our right by the roadside lies a dead camel with two hyenas tearing it to pieces, and the appalling odour arising from it almost chokes us.

Jenin, the most northern town in Samaria, formerly "Engannim," was the garden-house of Ahab, lying in the direct route between Jezreel to the north and Samaria to the south, and must have been the constant resort of

Jezebel and Ahab on their journeys between their two capitals.

Now that we have been, as it were, through Samaria, we can estimate at once its great difference from Judæa. There is no howling wilderness here, none of the stern and repellent features of the southern province of Judæa ; on the contrary, the country has increased in fertility with every mile that we have travelled from Jerusalem, until, as we stand at Jenin and look north, the whole district seems a garden.

Returning now from our brief survey oi Samaria to the foot of Gerizim, where the Vale of Shechem, running east and west, joins the top of the fertile plain of Samaria running north and south, we see before us, where the two join, a walled enclosure. Here is Jacob's well. In this favoured spot at the junction of two of the most beautiful valleys in Palestine, is the parcel of ground which Jacob bought from the children of Hamor, the father of Shechem, and where he erected the altar to El-elohe-Israel, the supposed ruins of which can be seen to the west of his well.

A little farther up the Shechem Valley, not 200 yards from the well and still on the ground purchased by Jacob, stands the tomb of Joseph,

whose bones were brought up out of Egypt and buried by Joshua in this place.

Opposite to us on the corresponding slope of Mount Ebal, to the north, lies a little white village on the hill-side ; this is Sychar—by no means to be confounded with Shechem (or Nablous), two miles up the valley. St. John knew the difference between the two as well as we do now, and if further proof is needed that the one is not the other, it may be pointed out that Shechem in the time of Christ was a walled city and that Jesus stayed two days in Sychar, which He never did in any fortified town.

The whole scene of the wonderful idyll of the Samaritan woman lies here before our eyes, hallowing and consecrating the spot to every true believer, to an extent which is rare even in Palestine ; and, as we descend the slopes of Gerizim and enter the small enclosure, and sit on the worn stones at the side of the old well (the genuineness of which is not disputed), we know and feel that we are indeed on holy ground.

And now I must try and give a picture of the wonderful scene that once was witnessed here, probably by the Apostle John, for the

description of it in his Gospel appears to be that of an eye-witness; and it is hardly likely that all the disciples would leave the Saviour absolutely alone by the well-side, while they went to purchase provisions for the day. It is true there is no hint in the sacred narrative of his presence, but such is not only in accordance with the retiring disposition of the beloved apostle, but any obtrusion of a third party in the wonderful dialogue would destroy the whole beauty of the touching interview between the Saviour and the sinner.

There is one more suggestion to be made, and that is, do we not in the touching story of the Good Samaritan, told by our Saviour long afterwards, find a remarkable reminiscence of the scene presented here? To me it seems to be so, and as I have called this third picture "The Two Samaritans," I will try to draw the parallel between the history of the woman of Sychar, and the parable of the traveller to Jericho.

The latter, as we all remember, was told in answer to a lawyer's question, as to what he was to do to inherit eternal life, and when the reply included loving his neighbour as himself, he, willing to justify himself, and, as it appears to

SYCHAR.

In the middle of the picture Sychar can be made out on the slope of Mount Ebal, while the stones in the foreground are at Jacob's Well, the tomb of Joseph being at the extreme left of the picture. The view is due north, and Shechem is two miles to the left.

THE JERICHO ROAD.

This is a view of the Apostles' Fountain, the last spring before Jerusalem. Above it is one of the long zigzags of the Jericho road, while a mile over the summit lies Bethany. The robber village of Abu Dis lies to the left beyond the picture, and the scene of the parable was some distance below this fountain.

us, to quibble with the truth, said to Jesus, "**And who is my neighbour?**" Christ then uttered the immortal parable of the Good Samaritan. "**A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves.**"

To understand this, one must pause for one moment to get a true idea of the Jericho road, one of the wildest and most desolate in the world. In the time of Christ there was but one house between Bethany and Jericho, the Desert Inn, which stood half-way between the two, and some hours from either. The road between Jerusalem and Jericho falls some 4,000 feet or nearly three-quarters of a mile in vertical height, and the descent is at places so steep that travellers to-day can neither drive down nor up it. The second half is no doubt the more precipitous, and from the narrative it would appear the traveller never reached it, but was overtaken between Jerusalem and the Desert Inn, since called the Inn of the Good Samaritan.

Leaving Jerusalem, possibly in the afternoon, he wound round the southern shoulder of Olivet, and, passing Bethany and Bethphage lying on the left, began the great descent. High on his right, on the top of a precipitous

hill, frowned the robber-village of Abu Dis, which from time immemorial has been the resort of thieves and robbers. When I travelled down this road nine years ago an Arab sheikh as escort was a necessity for every traveller, and, as the escort was provided by this very village, he thus became a safeguard against his fellow-robbers. Although this picturesque sheikh is now no longer a necessity, the solitary traveller may fare to-day no better than this man of the parable did in the days of Christ. As he "**went down from Jerusalem to Jericho,**" he "**fell among thieves.**" The word suggests an ambush in the road round one of the numerous corners, without doubt at some distance from Bethany behind him, and the Desert Inn in front. The thieves treated him with great brutality, not only stripping him of his raiment and inflicting wounds upon him, but leaving him probably insensible.

So far the parable, or story; now for the history. The man was certainly on the downward road, his back to the city of God, and his face to the city of the curse; he was leaving the soft, sweet waters of Siloam behind him for the bitterness of the Dead Sea in front; he was leaving the clear and pure air of Olivet for

the stifling exhalations of the slime-pits; he was exchanging Zion for Jericho, and turning his back on the Holy of Holies to go to the heathen shrines of Herod.

In Sychar a similar downward progress had been made. Years ago a gentle girl—a young virgin—was betrothed and married; but through death, or divorce, or sin, her husband was soon succeeded by a second, and then by a third, fourth, and fifth; the woman, in fact, was on the broad road from Jerusalem to Jericho, and going lower down with each turn in her life; being stripped of all her garments of modesty and purity, being wounded with deep moral sores, and at last sinking so low by the wayside that she was now living out of wedlock with one who was not her husband, and might well be represented as lying half dead upon the Jericho road.

We may remark here that, by God's great grace, she resembled the traveller in yet another way The man's course, in its spiritual meaning, appears to have been arrested in time, before he reached the Desert Inn, ere the downward road becomes so steep that nothing can stay the traveller's steps; for we must clearly understand that, after all, these robbers

brought him to the notice of the Good Samaritan.

But for them the traveller and the Good Samaritan would never have met, or, if they had, the traveller, requiring no help, would have passed the Samaritan by : " **for they that be whole need not a Physician, but they that are sick.**"

And so it was at the well. The woman had not gone too far—beyond the Saviour's reach. She is arrested in time, and thus meets the Good Samaritan.

Returning to our story, we read : " **And by chance there came down a certain priest that way, and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him and passed by on the other side.**"

Here, then, we get two ecclesiastics, the one representing the special sacrifices, and the other the ordinary religious service. The priest never comes near the man at all, whereas the Levite crosses the road to look at him, and then, more callous still, passes by on the other side.

Surely we may find a close analogy to these two aspects of religion in the history of the

scene of Sychar. That woman who on this memorable day stood by the side of this old well, while Christ sat on the stone, had priests and special sacrifices which she greatly honoured on Mount Gerizim, but in which, owing to her sin, she had neither part nor lot, for they "passed her by on the other side." The ordinary religious service would be represented by the weekly synagogue worship in her little town; here, however, she was shunned and looked down on; her shame was known by all. The religion of the synagogue, so far, had done nothing for her; no saving hand was stretched out to help her; she was **looked on,** but was "**passed by on the other side.**"

The parable continues: "**But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was; and when he saw him he had compassion on him.**"

Turning to our history, we here enter upon a number of wonderful contrasts between the narrative and the parable. In the latter, apparently all through, the Saviour seeks to minimise and hide the part that He played, the power and the rank that were His; but in the history it all comes out, "**He could not be hid!**" The verse quoted is worthy of

some close study. It will be noticed that the preceding clauses of the story began with the word "And"; this verse begins with "But," as if to prepare us for a marked contrast between the ways of the Samaritan and those of the recognised religious leaders of the day. **"A certain Samaritan, as he journeyed,"** are words which would almost imply that the meeting was a casual and undesigned one; but we know better.

Our Lord's movements had the accuracy of a perfect chronometer; nothing that He did upon earth could have been done in any other way or at any other time than He did it. For thirty years already He had kept His father's time for His Father's eye alone among the hills of Nazareth, for a watch is only intended for its owner's eye; but now, as a clock set high in the market-place for all men to see, Christ rejoices not only His Father's eye and heart by perfectly fulfilling His will, but all who have eyes to see may observe with wonder the perfection of the Saviour's movements in all their details.

He, with His disciples, had just been in the Jordan Valley, where these had baptized many people. John the Baptist, in the hills of

Benjamin in the Wady Farah, north of Jerusalem, was also baptizing, and the Pharisees sought to exalt Christ's disciples at the expense of the Baptist; this Jesus would not suffer, and immediately departed from Judæa to return into Galilee.

His natural course was up the Jordan Valley or through Peræa; but there was a seat waiting for him on Jacob's Well, which He must needs occupy on a certain day at a certain hour, and therefore He turned aside, and, crossing the hills by Taanath and Phasaelis, reached the Plain of Samaria, and at the appointed hour was seated on the patriarch s well. This "**certain Samaritan**" (of the royal seed of David), "**as He journeyed, came where (s)he was.**"

Incidentally it is noted that He was fatigued with His journey, and that the hour was noon.

In the parable He is a Samaritan, and the sinner is a Jew, reversing the true relationships as given in the history, where the sinner is the outcast Samaritan and the Saviour a Hebrew of the Hebrews; this is only one of many instances where the Saviour hides His glory and takes the lower place.

Another point that we must notice here, is that in the story the physical state only of the man is under consideration; and as to this, he is half dead, and offers no resistance to the ministrations of the Good Samaritan; in the history, as we have to do rather with a naked and wounded spirit than body, we find the living woman largely unconscious of her condition, and by no means prepared at first to have her spiritual wounds either exposed or bound up. We get here, therefore, in a way that could not be brought out in the parable, a wonderful revelation of Divine insight into human nature; for Christ wished to open the woman's heart to receive the blessing He had to bestow; but to have pressed His favours upon her at first would be but to have had them rejected.

He, therefore, who came to minister, first asks this woman to minister to Him: He asks a drink of water, an action that has no parallel in the parable. It was a small thing, but the value consisted in the asking, not in the getting; and the woman standing before the tired man would be much pleased at being asked to give before she was asked to receive.

When she wondered and said: "**How is it**

JACOB'S WELL AND WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

The stone here replaces the one on which Jesus sat on His memorable visit, on this very spot. No doubt has been cast on this site, and the picture shows a woman (of Samaria), drawing water from the actual well of Jacob. The length of cord shows that the well is deep. In the time of Christ it was not enclosed as now, but lay open to the air.

that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria?" she never guessed that it was the Good Samaritan who was sitting there; but no one can help a Samaritan unless he becomes one himself; and even the Lord of glory to serve us **"took the form of a servant."** Such was the moral glory of Christ.

The woman knew Him to be outwardly a Jew by the white fringe upon His talith, for that on the Samaritans was blue; but she did not know that she was speaking to the true King of the Jews, still less to the Hope of Israel, the long-looked-for Messiah; she neither guessed the glory that belonged to Him by His birth, nor the depth to which He descended in grace to save her soul. She sees the man sitting there, but she does not see the Christ.

He, looking at her, sees her through and through in all her sins, fallen among thieves, stripped of all that is the crown and glory of a woman, sorely wounded in her moral condition, and half dead to any possibilities of a higher life; and, seeing her thus, He, who has everything to give, gives her all she needs—His heart. He **"had compassion on**

her," as the Samaritan on the Jericho road had on the wounded traveller.

We may remark, in passing, that in the story the wounded man is perfectly passive, and offers no resistance to the good offices of his compassionate friend. With the woman it was not so; she instinctively recoils, and by argument postpones the proffered succour. One may note in the conversation that follows the word "**we**" (John iv. 22) marks the only place in the Gospels where Christ and the Jewish nation are regarded as one, as opposed to the Samaritan worship at Gerizim.

The woman is as ignorant, but probably not more so, as the learned Rabbi in the preceding chapter, who came to Jesus by night; and yet the very fact of her standing there showed a willingness to be helped. Christ had already said to her: "**Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again.**" Such, indeed, was her experience! She had drunk deeply of the unsatisfying springs of fleshly desires, and had thirsted again and again; but she was now to know how the water of life can so satisfy and transform her whole nature, that she will never drink again from polluted springs.

The parable continues: "**And He went to**

him and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine." This is the next step. This oil and wine, I may note in passing, is literally an old prescription of Galen, one of the fathers of medicine, and was a well-known remedy for dangerous injuries in the days of Christ.

The woman having asked (John iv. 15) the Saviour to give her this living water of which He spoke, He gives her the first draught in the remarkable words, "**Go, call thy husband and come hither.**" This, from another point of view, may be taken as the probing of the wound previous to its binding up, for the Saviour's object was not palliation of suffering, nor superficial healing, but a complete and a perfect cure of a sin-sick soul.

Christ could not characterise the woman's answer, "**I have no husband,**" although "**in that she spoke truly,**" as 'the truth,' for there was as yet a deeper wound that must be laid bare: "**Thou hast had five husbands, and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband.**" It was necessary to know how deep the wounds had penetrated; and the woman's sores are laid bare before the pitying eye of the Great Physician.

The oil and the wine must now be poured

in that she may be healed, and the gracious words that proceeded out of Christ's mouth are some of the most wonderful recorded in the Gospels, filling her with hope and joy in the prospect of a Deliverer, the coming Messiah. And then the Saviour finally binds up her wounds by the words, she receives into her heart; **"I that speak unto thee am He,"** and thus her sins, which were many, were all forgiven.

The One who asked for a drink of water from Jacob's well we never read He got, received instead in the salvation of this woman of Sychar, meat to eat that His disciples knew not of, for He had done the will of Him that sent Him and so far finished His work.

On the other hand, the woman had come for water from the well that she never drew, and had received instead that water for which she had never asked, the spring of eternal life in her soul, taking away all her thirst eternally.

One may note here that the abundance of springs in her own village of Sychar forbid us to suppose she came direct from the village to draw water at Jacob's well, not less than half a mile distant and involving unnecessary labour. The key to her presence at the unwonted hour

of noon and the fact of her drawing water from this source, may perhaps be found in the fields of the Plain of Samaria at its side, full of crops for the coming harvest. It was probably for the labourers in these fields that she came to the well, as it was the nearest water to the farms around.

We are now nearing the close of this wonderful story, which continues in these words: **"He set him on his own beast and brought him to an inn and took care of him."** Whatever meaning may attach to these words, one thing is clear: that the wounded traveller was now carried by the same power that hitherto had carried the Samaritan.

We know the power that brought Jesus to Sychar; we trace in all His movements an impulse derived not from His own will but His Father's, and carried out by the power of the Holy Spirit.

Can we not recognise that the very same power that brought Jesus to Jacob's Well to evangelise this poor lost and wounded soul now carried the woman herself back to her native town to continue the same blessed work that the Saviour had commenced? Surely the power of the Holy Spirit that brought Jesus to the

well took the woman to Sychar, for she left her water-pot, which could only draw water that would make her thirst again, and, full of the spring of everlasting life, went straight to her home and to the men who knew her well; and, made bold through the salvation which was now hers, proclaimed the Saviour to her fellow-sinners. These men, thirsting for more, left the city, and Jesus, lifting up His eyes and seeing them coming, declared the fields "**white already to harvest**"; and, just as in the story the Good Samaritan took care of the man and took out two pence to provide for his needs, so in the history of the Samaritan woman Jesus takes care of these men of Sychar, stays with them two days, giving them, not two pence, but all the riches of His grace to sustain them; with such wonderful results that well-nigh the whole village turned to the Lord.

These Samaritans, it is well to remark, were converted without a miracle and without a sign, as the direct result of Christ's own words, and the work done was perfect and complete. He had "**bound up the broken-hearted, and given them the oil of joy for mourning, and proclaimed** [in Sychar] **the acceptable year of the Lord**" (Isaiah lxi. 1–3).

THE FOURTH PICTURE

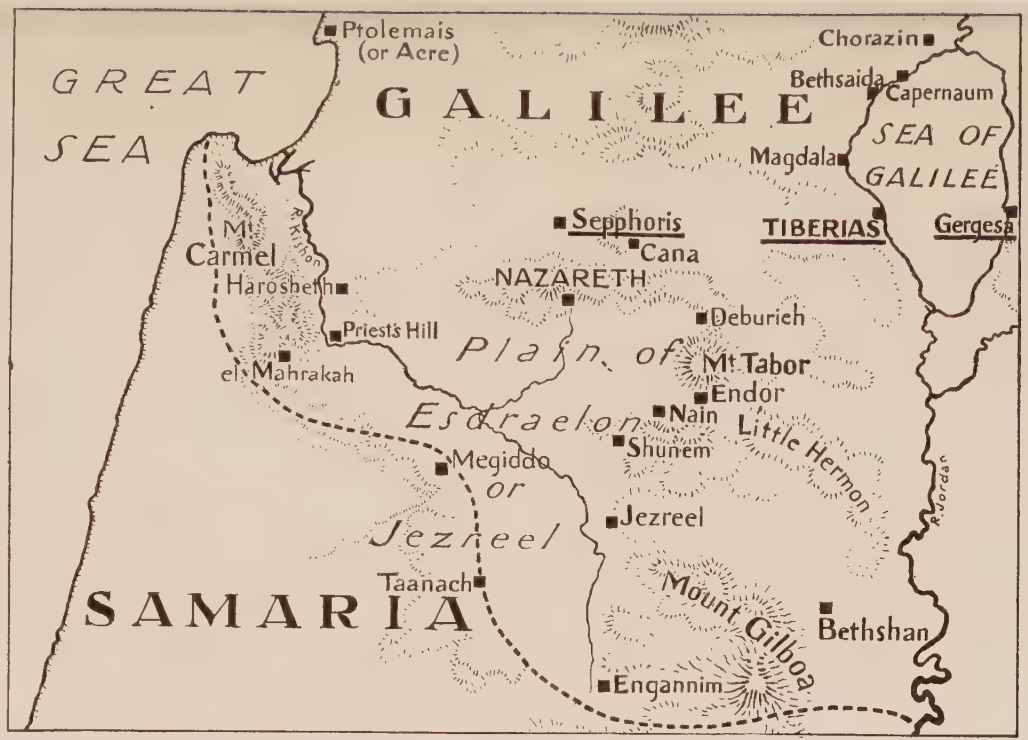
ESDRAELON AND NAZARETH, OR THE MESSIAH AND THE BOOK

To reach Nazareth from Jerusalem by land we can, as we have seen, choose one of two routes. One can drive to Shechem and round by Carmel and Haifa to Nazareth in three days; or one may drive to Shechem, and thence ride to Nazareth by Jenin and Jezreel across the Plain of Esdraelon in the same time but with much more fatigue. This is the route we shall follow here; and, as we visited Samaria in our last sketch, we commence this picture at Jenin, on the southern border of fair Galilee. Sometimes indeed the plain of Jezreel, or Esdraelon, seems to have been claimed by Samaria, and sometimes by Galilee. Perhaps the most common position was to regard its northern boundary as the southern limit of Galilee proper, and its southern at Jenin and Megiddo as the northern limit of Samaria, the plain itself being debat-

able ground, sometimes belonging to the one, and sometimes to the other.

Jenin, or Engannim, was the garden-house of Ahab, half-way between his southern capital of Samaria and his northern city of Jezreel: one is some twenty miles behind us, and the other somewhat less in front. Driving out of this pretty little Moslem town, with its mosque and minarets and its pretty, wooded situation at the northern base of the Samaritan hills and the southern border of the great Plain of Esdraelon, we are at once knee-deep in flowers. There are no flowers in such profusion and gorgeous colouring as on this mighty plain. Lilies of every hue, huge anemones of scarlet, white, purple, mauve, pink, and crimson lie in vast patches; marsh-mallows, asphodels, fields of blue lupine, and hundreds of other varieties of wild-flowers give the whole, as viewed from an eminence, the appearance of a very rich Turkey carpet.

This Plain of Esdraelon lies due west and east, and is about twenty miles long in all, and is somewhat the shape of a man's body. If we suppose he is lying on his back, with the top of his head in the Mediterranean and the soles of his feet in the Jordan, his "head" would be a



Esdraelon and Nazareth (Greek Cities Underlined), Pictures 4, 7.

plain some five miles broad, lying between Carmel and the sea. His "neck" is formed by the narrow gorge between Carmel and Harosheth, through which rushes that ancient river Kishon. His "body," twenty miles long and fifteen broad, extends west to east from Carmel to Gilboa and south to north from Jenin to Nazareth: this is the great Plain of Esdraelon, or valley of Jezreel. The right "arm" may represent the little valley at the head of which stands Jenin.

The man's two "legs" stretch down two valleys to the Jordan. The left, or northern "leg," lies between Tabor on the north and Little Hermon on the south, and the right "leg" between Little Hermon and Mount Gilboa. The foot of the right "leg" is formed by the town of Bethshan, near the Jordan, 10 miles south of the Sea of Galilee.

As we leave Jenin, looking west along the edge of the plain, we observe on the left the sites of Taanach and Megiddo, so well known in sacred and profane history. Here extensive excavations have been carried on, bringing to light, amidst other points of great interest, the fact that it was common amongst the Canaanites to sacrifice the first-born son as a propitiatory

offering upon special occasions. It was also a well-established practice to bury a baby as a foundation-stone for the gate of a city or house; but in one case here it has been found that an old lady with rheumatic gout has served as a foundation instead. It is not improbable that Hiel the Bethelite, who rebuilt Jericho in the days of Ahab, may have followed some such heathenish custom.

Farther on, and along the whole western extremity of the valley, the view is bounded by the majestic mass of Carmel, rising nearly 2,000 feet above the plain. If we carry the eye northwards along the ridge we can see, just before the mountain ends in the gorge of the Kishon, the exact spot (El-Mukhrakah, the sacrifice) where Elijah's altar stood in his memorable conflict with the priests of Baal. The place is just below and east of that peak from which Elijah's servant saw the cloud rise out of the sea (1 Kings xviii). From here (outside Jenin) one could well have seen, if armed with a powerful glass, the black mass of the crowd on El-Mukhrakah, where Baal's 450 priests were crying to their god the whole livelong day. Then, in the evening, Elijah repaired the altar of the Lord that was broken

down, and dug a trench round it, and laid the sacrifice upon it, and then called for twelve barrels of water—a detail that has occasioned much amusement among thoughtful arm-chair critics; for where could he obtain water after three years' drought, on an arid mountain plateau? I have spent an hour by the deep well that lies 100 yards behind Elijah's altar, and watched the women toiling up from the plain below to draw water from this renowned spring, which has never run dry, and found the question answered When the fire of God (lightning?) fell on the altar and all Israel cried, "**The Lord He is God,**" those 450 heathen priests[1] were seized and hurried down that mountain-side, and killed by the Kishon; and you can still see the "priests' hill" beneath which they lie buried.

Just opposite to it, and upon the northern bank, lies the robber-village of Harosheth. Here Sisera dwelt, to the great amusement also of our amateur philosophers, who have kindly pointed out the absurdity of a story of 900 chariots of iron in a stony land of rocks and valleys. Curiously enough, when on the spot the argument seems to lose its force, for on the sea-

[1] It is not said that the 400 prophets of the groves were killed but only the priests of Baal.

coast Sisera had a plain along the shore 40 miles in extent, and inland another of somewhat similar size. Indeed, the only place in northern Palestine where such chariots could be used most effectually is exactly where Sisera kept them.

The fact is, as I pointed out in the First Picture, the key to much in the Bible got mislaid, years ago, and first it was sought for in vain amongst the schools at Oxford, and then amongst the German critics, while all the time it lay hidden in Palestine, as those who go there may discover.

But we must continue our journey across this great plain, the scene of most of the battles of the Near East. Kings of Babylon and Egypt have met here in the clash of war; Sisera and Barak, Alexander the Great, Saladin and the Crusaders, Napoleon the Great, and many others, have all fought here; and prophetic students and Father Hugh Benson tell us that the great battle of Armageddon will be fought on Esdraelon. The word "Armageddon" means the "city of Megiddo," and this is possibly conclusive as to the future site of the great world-battle. When war broke out in Israel the southern tribes would be gathered along here on the mountains of Samaria, just as

the northern tribes would congregate on Tabor and Little Hermon, and the mountains of Gilboa.

Even the very track we now follow to Jezreel, which lies before us at the foot of grey Gilboa, is steeped in blood.

Two miles out of Jenin we pass, on the right, the "shearing-house" where Jehu slew forty-two of King Ahaziah's house, and at the gate of Jenin he met Jonadab the son of Rechab, and, finding a friend, made him ride in his chariot to Samaria, where he destroyed all Ahab's seed and all the worshippers of Baal in the city.

After two hours or more we reach the northern spur of the mountains of Gilboa. There, high up on the hillside, Saul fell after having, the night before, crossed over the valley beyond (the man's right "leg"), and then over Little Hermon down to the cave of the witch of Endor, which lies on the inner side of the knee of the left "leg." The Philistines, however, during the night detached part of their army to surround Saul in the rear; and thus the battle went against him, and he died away up on the stony hill-side to our right. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

And now we reach the ruined hovels that are all that is left of Jezebel's Jezreel. Just

before we enter it some wine-presses tell of a vineyard, possibly on the site of Naboth's, while in front of us rises a tower, probably the successor of that on which King Joram, Jezebel's son, stood with Ahaziah as he gazed anxiously down towards the fortress of Bethshan by the Jordan on his right. A cloud of rapidly advancing dust, miles away down the valley, filled him with fear, and when at last he caught a glimpse of the chariot he recognised the driving of Jehu the son of Nimshi, his enemy, for he drove furiously.

He might well fear, for when he and Ahaziah went forth to meet this furious reformer, Jehu shot him dead in the vineyard of Naboth. Ahaziah drove back along the road we have just come, but was caught and killed in Megiddo close by. Meanwhile, God's terrible instrument of judgment on the idolatrous kings entered Jezreel, where we now stand, and, seeing Jezebel's painted face at the window (and I am told that the women of these villages paint their eyes to this day) had her thrown into the street ; and Jehu rode over her ; and when, after supper, they went to bury her, only a few bones were left. When Jehu rode out of Jezreel towards Jenin next morn-

ing, at the gateway near where we stand were two baskets, and each basket contained the heads of thirty-five of Ahab's children.

It was just by Jezreel that a traveller recently saw a troop of dogs and two vultures tearing the body in a newly made grave—a disgusting but striking reminiscence of 2 Kings ix. 36: **"in the portion of Jezreel shall dogs eat the flesh of Jezebel."**

Truly this fair, flowery plain is a valley of slaughter.

Just, indeed, on our right on the northern slope of Little Hermon lies the Well of Harod (Judges vii.), and the stream of Gideon flows from it; where with 300 men he met the Midianites and destroyed them. Close by is the village and cave of the witch of Endor, consulted by Saul.

It must be clearly understood that there is no road whatever across this plain. You just ride straight on through flowers, crops, or long grass, as the case may be.

Right opposite to us, at the junction of the two "legs," or valleys that run to the Jordan, is the village of Shunem, inseparably connected with the story of the "great woman" who lived there, and built for Elisha a little chamber

with a bed, a stool, a table, and a candlestick—quite unusual luxuries at the time. And then, when her boy died from a sunstroke in the corn-fields through which we are now riding, she saddled an ass and rode right away to Carmel on our left, nearly twenty miles in the tropical sun, and the prophet came and raised her son from the dead. Look away at yonder blue mountain, and measure a mother's love that could make such a journey in the noontide heat.

We saw here a dead donkey lying right across the village street, and it would probably remain there until, like Jezebel at Jezreel, the dogs and jackals could make an end of it. There is no pretence whatever in these villages at decency or sanitation.

We now reach the base of Little Hermon, and, just round the corner facing north, we suddenly come on the little village of Nain, so fair and peaceful, and blessed with such memories of the Lord of life, that, compared with the nightmare of Jezreel, it is like coming to heaven from hell. Here we rest an hour and lunch in a garden hard by. Just over the wall behind us is the entrance or gate of Nain. Look quietly at it and throw your mind back

nineteen centuries, and you will see the first scene of our Seventh Picture.

But we must return from our beatific vision and carry out the counsels we have just resolved on, to make a delay of one night on Tabor on our way to Nazareth ; so, instead of crossing Esdraelon direct to the town, which lies hidden in the hills some few miles north-west, we cross the plain directly to the mountain before us, and, passing through Deborah's village on its western flank, ride up a ravine on its northern face and then begin our toilsome, zigzag ascent on its eastern slope for some 1,500 feet. At the summit is a fortified plateau, and we pass through a massive gateway into the monks' enclosure and arrive, hot and tired, at the Monastery, over the door of which, in Latin, we read the welcome words, **"Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile."** It is impossible to describe the delight with which we entered the cool hall and drank the welcome cup of wine offered to every guest, after the long journey from Jenin across the sultry plain and up the steep sides of Tabor.

The kindly monks, who irresistibly remind one of grown-up children, soon led us along to the brow of the hill, and showed us the three

tabernacles built for Christ and Moses and Elias. It was in vain we protested that St. Peter's rash proposal was never carried out. "But here they are," was indeed the end of all argument.

Tabor has been the traditional Mount of Transfiguration from the day when Jerome in the fourth century, travelling with the saintly Paula, writes: "She ascended Tabor, on which the Lord was transfigured"; and for fifteen centuries it has been honoured as such. Apart, however, from its summit being a fortified town in the time of Christ, a close study of the gospel itineraries show us that it was probably near Cæsarea Philippi, forty or fifty miles north of Tabor, and just south of Dan, that the Lord was transfigured; and one is therefore reluctantly obliged to transfer the glorious scene to one of the lonely southern spurs of Hermon. Tabor, however, is a great historical centre, and was the gathering-place of the northern tribes of Israel in time of war. It is still infested by wild animals; a traveller not many years since encountered a wild boar, a panther, and several jackals and wolves.

Standing on the very top of Tabor and gazing south, we look down on Little Hermon,

Nain, and the village of Endor or Ain-dor—the Fountain of Dor. Farther south is Gilboa, with the ruins of Jezreel at its base. Twenty miles off are the minarets of Jenin, backed by the blue mountains of Samaria; while the whole view is carpeted with the brilliant flora of Esdraelon.

A short journey next day takes us to Nazareth.

Here, in this small town, we have a striking instance of how the touch of Christ makes the most obscure locality absolutely immortal; for Nazareth, though fertile, is the most obscure place that is named in Scripture. It is never mentioned in the Bible with the exception of the allusions to it in the New Testament. It is found in no Jewish writings; it has no Jewish name at all, Nazareth being a Greek word. It was an obscure village, out of the highways and byways of men, completely isolated, and connected with no history, either of war or of conquest, or of anything of note whatever. Here the Virgin's parents lived with their young daughter until she became betrothed to her cousin Joseph, a jobbing village carpenter, of Nazareth; a quiet man, apparently getting on in years.

It would appear that the father and mother of the Virgin had left the comparatively barren country of Judæa sometime in their early history for the green hills and valleys of Galilee, as so many dwellers in Judæa did at that time. Palestine is most fertile in the north, but becomes barren as one passes south. Galilee is very fruitful; Samaria less so; while Judæa is almost entirely sterile. That little valley by Bethlehem that I sketched in the Second Picture is an exception, and is one of the most beautiful in the whole country of Southern Palestine.

The father and mother of the Virgin had moved northwards from Bethlehem, attracted doubtless, not only by the fertility, but by the extraordinary amount of Greek and Roman civilisation in Galilee, of which most Bible students know but little. The cities, the traffic, the whole atmosphere of large parts of the province at this time were Greek, much more so than Samaria or Judæa. The roads were Roman, the government was Roman, and the whole country was in a most prosperous condition. Such a change of residence might perhaps be paralleled in the present day by the migration of some peasants

from the west of Ireland to the United States. Here our Lord lived, by His Father's will, for about thirty years, or five-sixths of His whole life on earth.

Just as in the present day, the parent's most anxious problem is where to send his son to school; so we cannot doubt that not alone in His public life, but here at Nazareth, all was carefully selected and planned by Infinite Wisdom, that the Word made flesh, the Son of God, might **"learn obedience by the things which He suffered"**: the place, Nazareth; the calling—a carpenter; the province—Galilee; and the very composition of the household—the mother, with four "brothers" and at least two "sisters";—for Christ, as David before Him, was despised of His brethren.

Nazareth can best be described as a saucer, a mile across, full of fruit and flowers and sun; a saucer, not a cup; a shallow, not a deep depression in the hills, the bottom of the saucer being probably a thousand feet above the sea; so that we have to imagine an upland hollow almost a perfect circle, the rim made of some thirteen little hills of about even height, enclosing a fertile district a mile across, full of figs, olives, pomegranates, corn, and

every sort of flower, glowing in the bright Syrian sun. There are vines on all the hill-sides, very much like those on the banks of the Rhine; and in the ravines large mulberry-trees and other vegetation. The flowers are really innumerable; every field is full of them right up to the very rim of the saucer; and then, just at the top, there is a little bareness, where a sort of short heath grows on the higher summits.

Now imagine, resting about half-way up on the northern slope of this hollow, with a southern aspect, a small and irregular grey village, and you see Nazareth. Here our Lord lived for thirty years with His brothers and His sisters in the house of Mary, Joseph probably dying sometime during His early life, we do not exactly know when. His home lay a little to the right of the village, according to tradition, while the carpenter's workshop was in the middle of the bazaar; for in Nazareth the workshops were never (as depicted in mediæval art) in the dwelling-house. To the east of the village, at its upper part, was the one fountain which supplied the whole of Nazareth with a most copious flow of living, or springing, water. Our Lord must have walked there by

OLD NAZARETH, FROM THE SOUTH.

This is believed to represent very fairly the aspect of Nazareth in the time of Christ. Modern Nazareth lies behind the bush on the left, and is much more imposing in appearance. The hill behind was the favourite resort of the Nazarenes, and from it a large part of Canaan could be surveyed.

THE VIRGIN'S WELL.

This is one of the most hallowed spots of Palestine. Undoubtedly it was well known to our Lord in His childhood; for then, as now, it is practically the only supply of pure water for Nazareth. Any of these women with their waterpots would do for the Virgin, and the noble carriage of the girls here is largely due to balancing these pots (holding five gallons) on the head.

the side of his mother as a little boy hundreds of times as she went with her five-gallon pitcher poised on her head (a custom which gives the women of Nazareth their upright carriage) to and from the spring for the water required for the household every day. And then, as He grew older, He would join His father in his trade.

I should like to say a word about that trade here, because afterwards our Lord succeeded His father in it, and at Joseph's death Himself became a carpenter. Now the carpenter in Palestine was not a man who merely made articles in a workshop, but one who went about the district repairing doors and windows, going sometimes as far as the lake, twenty-five miles off, to repair boats and make masts and oars. He also made yokes for the oxen, tables, chairs, and wooden utensils, so that there would be hardly a house in which Jesus would not be known by virtue of His work. It is wonderful that tradition, with its fertile resources, has not preserved specimens for us of Christ's handicraft.

But we must remember that there was this about the carpenter's trade: it did not really form a part of Christ's humiliation as man;

though, of course, it did if we think of Him as God. Though our Lord was born in a humble sphere of life, it was no further humiliation to become a carpenter, because the occupation of a carpenter was one of the few honourable trades in Palestine. If a man were a carpenter, he could be chosen as a High Priest; whereas, if he were a tanner, or a weaver, or a hairdresser, or an ordinary shopkeeper, no priest could be chosen from his rank; while if he were, like David or Amos, a keeper of flocks or herds, he reached the very lowest ranks of degradation. So that the trade of a carpenter was amongst the higher callings in Palestine, and would be almost equal to that of a lawyer or barrister here. At any rate, it was possible for a carpenter to reach the highest position. Let us, then, picture our Lord, with no claims as Messiah, and working no miracle, and with no disciples, quietly following His trade as a working man for many years in the villages and district around.

It might be thought, considering Christ's wonderful mission, that to be buried in a little flowery hollow in the hills, as He was at Nazareth, was not the best training in the

world for the Saviour; because He would be shut out from all the busy life of men and see nothing of what was going on; in fact, know nothing really of Palestine itself. But there is this peculiarity about Nazareth, that, just about twenty minutes' climb from the house where our Lord lived there is the top of a heath-clad hill, 1,600 feet above the sea, nearly as high as the great range of Mount Carmel. There is no doubt whatever that our Lord must have spent hundreds of hours on this wonderful and solitary spot, as those in the village do still who wish for quiet and meditation. Here, away from the taunts of His brethren, who did not believe in Him—and what a home tragedy is wrapped up in that phrase!—He could not only commune alone with God, but quietly survey the wonderful panorama around Him.

Let us place ourselves there for a moment, and just consider what Christ saw. Stand on this summit, where Jesus stood scores of times, and look due west. The whole range of Carmel lay before Him, the holy mount of the great prophet, where He must have often been taken as a boy, to see El-Mukhrakah, the place of sacrifice. Here, at the end of the plain of

Jezreel, our Lord could see where Elijah vindicated Jehovah before 450 priests of Baal, and whence he ran with girded loins before Ahab, twenty miles, to Jezreel.

And then, as He looked away to the horizon, He would face the Great Sea—the Mediterranean—stretching along the whole western vista, with the towns of Acra, Joppa, Tyre, and Sidon dotted all along the coast, and He would watch the ships of Tarshish and of the isles, and all the Roman triremes and Greek galleys coming and going from the various ports.

Now turn north, with your back to Nazareth. On the left hand, four miles away, Christ would gaze on the whole country of Galilee. Fields full of cattle, plains with sheep and goats and buffaloes, swamps with wild boars, and on the mountains leopards, hyænas, wolves, and jackals, might be found, and herds of wild gazelles, for this is the country of Naphtali, which is **"like a hind let loose."** The people dwelling near Phœnicia, the mother of commerce and progress, became Gentilised, and hence this whole district, the chosen scene of Christ's labours, was known as **"Galilee of the Gentiles."**

Here a few miles away was the Greek city of Sepphoris, which was the capital of Galilee, whilst He was living in Nazareth: it has now passed away, for, though so well known, its name is never mentioned in the Bible. There were several of these cities in Palestine, brilliant with Greek temples and Greek baths and theatres and Greek civilisation and Greek gods; but in not one of them did Christ ever spend a night or work a miracle; and, with two exceptions, Tiberius and Jericho, none of them is named in Scripture. He simply passed them by. He was sent to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, and we hardly realise how wonderfully He kept to His mission unless we grasp the fact that Greek civilisation had at that time spread over the whole of Galilee.

On the right, four miles away, a great contrast met His eye—the little, dirty, grey village of Cana of Galilee; where, when the hour was come, He would perform His first miracle of turning water into wine. How often, with His omniscience, must He have looked upon that little village where He was going in a very short time to set His seal on the rite of marriage and His blessing on the simple joys of feli! In front of Him, high above the little

hills and twenty-four miles distant, but looking only about ten miles away, was a bare rock, and on the top a very white town called Safed. That is probably the "**city set on a hill**" of His parables which "**could not be hid**"; and over and above it, at a distance of some sixty miles from Nazareth, were the majestic snows of Hermon.

If the Lord then turned a little round toward the east, He would see the dip in the land where at the bottom lay the Sea of Galilee, more than 2,000 feet below where He was standing. He could not see the lake, but the hills where Capernaum lay, twenty miles away, were plainly visible. Then, as He turned due east, Mount Tabor, only five miles away, rose up before Him. The transparent air of Palestine makes distant objects wonderfully vivid. Beyond Tabor, again, the hills of Peræa and Bashan on the far side of Jordan could be seen.

Turning round towards the south-east of Nazareth, and thus leaving the valley of the Jordan on the east, and looking on to the Plain of Esdraelon, two ranges would appear below Tabor: the green hill of Little Hermon, and, beyond, the brown mountains of Gilboa. This

latter is a low range coming down to the Plain of Jezreel on the south-east.

As Christ, who was Himself the last King of the Jews and the son of David, looked at those mountains of Gilboa, versed as He was in the Scriptures, He knew that He was gazing at the very place where Saul, and Jonathan the beloved of David, "**lovely and pleasant in their lives,**" were killed. From thence the Philistines carried Saul and fastened his body against the wall of Bethshan, a few miles away on the left, and hung up his shield in the temple of Ashtaroth. Just below this spot, deep in a cleft of Little Hermon, was the cave where the Witch of Endor lived, whom Saul consulted the night before the battle with the Philistines. All this was about eight miles from where our Lord was standing.

Jezreel, Shunem, and the little town of Nain, where He was going to raise the widow's son, were plainly visible. Of these we have already spoken. The whole scenery of the great plain was bounded in the distance by the blue mountains of Samaria.

Such, then, was Nazareth, a place in itself of the greatest seclusion and obscurity, and yet affording opportunity from its hill-tops for

the most wonderful education in Bible lore and in the whole history and geography of Palestine. Here it was that our Lord spent nine-tenths of His life, little noticed, and, so far as we know, little thought of or spoken about by man until the time came when He was about thirty years of age.

Christ commenced His public life, in the first place, by leaving this secluded spot where He had lived so long, and going down to Esdraelon, past Jezreel to Bethabara, where John was baptizing, He there presented Himself to His cousin for baptism.

I should like to pause here for just one moment. I have often pondered upon that testimony from Heaven: "**This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased,**" and I have wondered why such a message was given at such a time. Our Lord had, as yet, done no single mighty work that could please God; He had, as yet, preached no discourse so far as we know. If the voice had spoken later, say after a year of public work, we could understand the expression of God's pleasure in the work of His Son. But so far He had done nothing. It is true He had, even at that moment, taken His place in deepest

STONE WATER-JAR AT CANA.

This is believed to be one of the original stone water-jars of Cana; similar to those used at the marriage feast where the Lord performed His first miracle.

A CARPENTER'S SHOP IN NAZARETH.

This shop would be in the bazaar, or narrow street of shops, and opened on to the street (as shown). The home of Christ was not here, as no one slept at the shop. Here oars, yokes, goads, masts and doors, gates, etc., were made from the indifferent timber of the country.

humility with "**the excellent of the earth**" (Ps. xvi. 2); but I do not think this reason alone fully accounts for the Divine testimony.

It seems to me this voice was marking the close of the private life of our Lord, and the commencement of His public career; and that God chose this very moment to open the heavens to record His public approval of His beloved Son's private life; for, though He was as yet utterly unknown to man, He was well known to God. Those thirty years of obscurity, which seem to have been spent for nothing, had all ascended one by one in the sweetest fragrance to God with the incense of a perfect life, lived in obedience to His Father's will. And God would not allow His Son to commence His public career without setting this seal of His Divine approval on that which no human eye had seen, and which no inspired pen has described—the private life of Christ. And, I take it, it is the same with us.

There are, I suppose, amongst Christians a hundred private lives for every public one; and He who opened His heavens to record His public approval of the private life of His Son, spent in a little country village, will not

forget to set the seal of His approval upon the most obscure private life of the least of His children which has ascended up before Him with a good savour.

Some months later, after the Lord had gathered some disciples, and had become known by some wonderful works, He appeared again one Sabbath day in Nazareth. Christ no doubt came back to the house of His mother, who dwelt a short distance from the synagogue; and then, on the Saturday morning—the Sabbath morning—as He was wont, He would set out with His mother and His disciples to go to the little synagogue which lay, we believe, on the left-hand side of the village, just under the hill.

You must picture this synagogue—a plain, rectangular building of rough blocks of stone, with a flat roof, utterly unlike the glorious structure at Capernaum, which I hope will be seen in its beauty in our next Picture. The only ornamentation here was round the door, where there would be painted a vine and flowers and a wreath of fruit in humble imitation of the vine at the Temple-porch at Jerusalem. Christ and His disciples and His mother would pass near the fountain

(recalling His early happy boyhood life) to the door of this synagogue. What, then, was the interior of the building like? What did our Lord see on that Sabbath morning?

The general appearance was not unlike the inside of a parish school-room. There was a long, bare room, with seats at the upper end, wooden benches of superior construction covered with rushes where the principal people of the village sat, and plain benches at the lower end, while in the middle there was a sort of raised pew or large railed enclosure sufficiently big to hold ten or more people. Then there was a pulpit, a reading-desk, and, at the south end, a sort of cupboard or wooden structure, inside of which was the "ark," which contained rolls of the Prophets and of the Law, which were read every Sabbath Day.

The congregation consisted, first of all, of ten men, who were called "batlanim," or "idlers." They were men of leisure chosen from the village to be always present on the Sabbath Day to make the nucleus of a congregation, so that, whoever else was not there, they were always in their seats. A synagogue could not be built in a village unless there

were at least ten men who would guarantee to attend. So these ten idlers would be sitting there. In the railed structure in the middle would also be gathered the elders of the village, headed by the chief elder, or rabbi; and then, beside the cupboard, or ark, at the far end stood the "chazzan," or deacon, who was the man who had to attend to the rolls of the Law and keep order during the service. There was one other official, the "meturgeman," the interpreter of these sacred Hebrew Scriptures into the Aramaic dialect, which our Lord doubtless spoke in Nazareth.

On this Sabbath morning Christ would take His seat on the wooden benches with His fishermen disciples, who were all well known to the congregation, and His mother would go behind the screen with the rest of the women, for women were not allowed to be seen during the service. Please notice that in this synagogue there never was any altar, any priest, nor any sacrifice. These were solely confined to the Temple. There was no one part of the synagogue more sacred than another, except just where the Word of God was kept; and there was great freedom of speech during the service.

The morning psalms would be sung, when our Lord had taken His seat, by a congregation probably more than usually crowded, for by this time Christ had attained a great fame. He was already known as a miracle-worker, and to some extent as a claimant for the Messiahship, but not clearly so; it was this morning that was to decide that question. Many may not know that, while our Lord lived thirty years in Nazareth, some twelve false Messiahs had risen up in different parts of the country, all of them proving to be nothing and passing away, so that the advent of a new Messiah would in itself occasion little surprise.

Picture, then, the Saviour as He sits there on the most momentous day of His life. The service had begun, the Psalms of David had been sung, and the Scripture read by the chief elder; its translation had been given by the meturgeman, and the elder had commented on it, wisely or unwisely, as the case might be. Then another portion of Scripture had to be read, and our Lord stood up and read it. There was handed to Him the roll of the Prophet Isaiah. The chazzan opened the ark, took out the roll, and brought it to Christ at the lower end of the synagogue. As

he walked along everybody tried to kiss it, and he handed it to them for the purpose, and at last put it into the hands of our Lord; so far all was in order. Then Jesus, the Messiah, began to read the words recorded in St. Luke iv.

We must observe that this Scripture which He read was well known to all the Jews as the great passage that referred to the coming Messiah; it was *the* Messianic message. Those in the synagogue regarded it as one of the most sacred utterances in their Scriptures. No false Messiah had dared to read it; it had never been appropriated. No one had stood up as Christ was now standing on this solemn Sabbath morning to read these words; and you can imagine the emphasis as He read them:

"**The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because he hath anointed Me**"—that was with the sacred oil, as David—"**He hath anointed Me to preach the Gospel to the poor, He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives and recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord,**" and then Christ closed or rolled up the scroll and delivered it to the chazzan, who

took it back to the ark, and sat down. All the elders turned round in their pew, all the congregation had their eyes fastened on Him; whispers went about from one to another: "Who is that?" "Don't you know? That's the carpenter." "Don't you remember when He was last at our house?" There would be hardly one there but would know Him personally by reason of some work He had done during those past years.

Imagine the awe-struck and yet incredulous amazement with which they heard this solemn passage read by a fellow townsman, the carpenter they all knew, as if He were applying it to Himself. Just try and picture that scene. The eyes of all within the synagogue were fastened on Him, and He began to say to them: **"This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears."** That settled the point. However much they might have thought He could not mean Himself, to apply this to Himself clinched the matter, and showed that He then and there challenged them to the belief that they were in the presence of the Messiah, the Saviour of His people!

At first they were pleased with what He said: the full consequences of such a claim did

not seem to strike them at once; they were charmed with the gracious words that proceeded out of His mouth. Imagine His mother's feelings when she heard such marvellous words read, and how she must have pondered them with awe and wonder in her heart behind that screen. But now the inevitable questioning began, "Is not this Joseph's son?" "You remember Joseph; this is his son—the carpenter."

Then our Lord—I was going to say—made matters worse, for He deliberately pointed out to them that this message was world-wide; that He could not be a Saviour of the Jews alone, He must be a Saviour of the whole world; and He pointed out that in their own history it was often a Gentile who was blessed, and not a Jew. He instanced Naaman the Syrian, and, as they heard this, a storm of religious bigotry rose and swelled in their hearts; this grew to such an extent that they could contain themselves no longer.

Of course it was the chazzan's duty to keep order; but this was no common brawl. The whole congregation was filled with concentrated rage, with a bewildered, stunned feeling, hardly believing that their ears had served them aright. To think that in this synagogue one so well

known to them should have dared to stand up and proclaim Himself the Messiah, and then tell them that the Messiah was not for the Jews only, but for those accursed Gentiles who swarmed in Galilee and with whom they had no dealings.

All in the synagogue, when they heard these things, were filled with rage; they rose up, and as one man they surrounded Him, hustled Him, carried Him along in their midst to a height behind the synagogue where the cliff, apparently part of a stone quarry, falls fifty feet sheer, and over the edge of this cliff they sought to hurl Him. But He, passing through their midst, went His way.

Whether He asserted His Divinity with such a Divine glance as threw His assailants to the ground in the Garden of Gethsemane, or whether He made Himself for the moment invisible and so passed through them, we know not; but they were powerless—for His hour was not yet come, and He went on his way untouched!

Before we leave the subject, let us just look for one moment to whom the message from Isaiah was addressed. The message was to poor, broken-hearted, blind, bruised captives.

There is no message for contented, self-satisfied, whole, free, rich people—none whatever. And if any now have received in their hearts a message from Christ it is because they have been either poor, or broken-hearted, or blind, or bruised, or in captivity. For such the Deliverer is strong; to such the message is full of joy, for Christ can break every bond and make happy every saddened heart.

Let us consider in this connection for one moment those remarkable words of our Lord, **"Recovery of sight to the blind."** S. Paul used the same expression when he declared he was sent to open the eyes of the blind and turn them from darkness to light. The opening of the eyes is everywhere connected with the reception of the Gospel of Christ. In fact, Christianity may be described as an operation for cataract. Man was born to see and live. The devil came into Eden and said, **"Your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as God"**; but, instead of seeing God, Adam and Eve saw themselves in their fallen state and became blind towards God!

The world seemed enveloped in darkness and in blindness for thousands of years, and all through its history God sought by one prophet

or another, or by the Law, to bring it back to the knowledge of Himself; but the veil still remained over the eyes of men; they could not see God after Satan had destroyed their eyesight by sin. Some could feel and grope. You remember that expression in the sermon at Athens—to **"Feel after Him and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us."** What an exact description of the movements of a blind man!

One of the most pathetic sights that was ever witnessed on earth was when the true light shone and when the Sun of Righteousness rose with healing in His wings and it was found necessary to send a messenger to the blind men to tell them the true Light was now shining.

There is no need for one to go about the streets of London to tell us when the day dawns. We have our eyesight. But if it were a city of the blind, it would be needful to send messengers into the streets to say when it was day-time. The Baptist had to announce that the true Light was now shining, and to bear witness of the Light because it was into a blind world that Jesus came.

And that is why one of the most gracious of

our Lord's missions was to give sight to the spiritually blind, and that is what He is doing to-day. If there are any who have not spiritual vision, they may know that the great Restorer of sight is still as powerful as ever, and in a moment can so open the eyes of the soul that we see what we have never seen before, and never could believe was possible; wonderful indeed is the sight of God when the eyes open on Him!

Now for the amazing contrast to this striking synagogue scene! In the Mediterranean Sea there is a tall, rocky island called Patmos. Half-way up the side is a cave, and tradition tells us that in this cave S. John saw many visions, and wrote the Book of the Revelation.

Some seventy years after that Sabbath day in Nazareth, when he was in this cave, near the marble quarries he is said to have worked in, he was in a trance, seeing a wonderful unfolding of the life of heaven; and he saw the throne of God and all the glories of another world before him; but he felt himself oppressed with sorrow, and the tears were running down his cheeks. He found

he was weeping because there was great difficulty about opening a book. There was some book sealed with seven seals in heaven, and no one was found there worthy to open it. Search had evidently been made, but none was found equal to the task. And S. John, in sympathy with the scene, in some mysterious way found the tears rolling down his cheeks as he wept in real distress that no one could open this book which was so securely sealed, nor even look upon it.

At last one of the elders came to him and said: "**Weep not; behold, the Lion of the Tribe of Judah, the Root of David, hath overcome to open the Book.**" So S. John wiped his eyes, and raised them to see this lion—a familiar emblem to him; he looked up to see a lion, but he beheld a lamb.

It is a most extraordinary thing, as those who know something of the workings and mysteries of the human mind well know, that what we see is often partly *subjective*—that is, the result of the condition of our own mind, and not wholly *objective*—that is, caused by what is before our eyes. Some people come to London from Paris, and they see a dingy, smoky city. Others coming from the Black

Country, or even Manchester, look on it as a place of brightness and of beauty. We see through the medium of our own thoughts as well as through our eyes.

The key to the change in the vision in heaven from a lion to a lamb is due to the Apostle John's first acquaintance with our Lord. It was when the Baptist said, "**Behold the Lamb of God,**" that Jesus filled the soul of S. John as a lamb. He never afterwards could see Him as anything else; He was the Lamb to S. John all through, because he had first learned to know Him as the Lamb of God, and he never knew Him as the Lion.

We shall carry with us to heaven the acquaintance we have made with Christ here. In this sense no two of us receive the same Saviour; no two of us will know the same Christ. There is but one Saviour, there is but one Christ; but He is known to each of us in a way He is not known to our fellows. What great experiences there are here! And the more ups and downs there are in the rough tracks of this world, and the more one has to lean upon His helping and guiding hand, the more links there will be, the more intimacy and knowledge when we get to heaven.

We take a large part of our knowledge of Christ with us to heaven. There is no doubt our eyes will then be opened by the Holy Spirit to understand Him as one cannot do now, but to each He will be an Individuality; he will be a Personality known to each in a way different to any one else. So when S. John lifted up his eyes, those eyes that had looked on Jesus as He walked, he could not see a lion. He looked, expecting to see a lion, but to him the One to be seen was a Lamb.

And then he saw Him take the book; and when He took the book, the roll—in a moment the idea might flash into S. John's mind, when did he last see Him take a roll in His hands? Oh how memory flies back through time in an instant! We remember that scene in Nazareth. Did S. John recall it when that chazzan handed his Master the scroll of Isaiah? It all may have come before him in a moment, as he saw *the carpenter's Son taking the roll again.*

Do you know, my friends, those of you who have turned to the passage in Isaiah, that when our Lord shut up that scroll, in the particular place where He closed it, it was one of the most remarkable things He ever did?

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me."[1] He read: **"to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord,"** and then comes a comma, and the verse goes on: **"and the day of vengeance of our God."**

But at that comma in the middle of the verse, in the middle of the sentence, Christ closed the book, to the astonishment of all in that synagogue—for they knew the passage well. He refused to finish the sentence. He handed the roll back to the chazzan, who took it back to the ark, and the sentence was never finished. **"To preach the acceptable year of the Lord,"** (comma)—nothing more. **"I am He that shutteth and no man openeth."** That was what He said in Nazareth; but in heaven He says: **"I am He that openeth and no man shutteth."**

And this is the miracle—that the Lamb in the midst of the throne in heaven is the carpenter of Nazareth; and the carpenter of Nazareth who shut the book in the middle of the verse at **"the acceptable year of the Lord"** will open it again before the throne of God and read on where He left off, and complete the verse, **"And the day of vengeance of our God."** That is the subject

[1] Isa. lxi. 1, 2.

of the Book of Revelation. The seals are all broken one by one, and what is read? **"The day of vengeance of our God."** Now mark! **"I am He that shutteth and no man openeth,"** and in Nazareth He said I will fulfil the Word of God as far as the middle of the verse, but the rest shall never be fulfilled till I reopen the book in heaven; and the remainder of that verse has never been read yet.

For eighteen hundred years the roll of Isaiah has been shut in the middle of that verse and sealed by God with many seals. *One comma* alone divides mercy from judgment, the Saviour of the world from the Judge of all men—one single comma! This present age still continues in virtue of the long-drawn-out tenacity of that one comma.

What is a comma?[1] The shortest breathing-space known to men in reading a passage. But here it is a majestic pause in the ways of God—that all men might be saved, that all men might come to a knowledge of the truth. The sole reason that churches and chapels will be open next Sunday is because the force and value of that comma and the grace of God are not yet

[1] The Hebrew, of course, has not even a comma, which makes the pause still more remarkable.

exhausted. But it will be exhausted when the Lamb takes the book from the right hand of Him who sits upon the throne and begins to open it. The day of mercy will then be over, the door will be shut—for "**the day of vengeance of our God**" is at hand.

It is strange indeed to have the curtain drawn aside for a moment from these deep spiritual mysteries in the midst of the bustle of our daily life. We seem to be in a world apart. The veil is lifted—

> "From the hid battlements of Eternity:
> Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
> Round the half-glimpsed turrets slowly wash again,"[1]

and we pass back into our ordinary life; but we cannot return without bearing some impression of the enormous issues which are working quietly behind the current course of this world.

We see its affairs moving onwards; the varied topics of the day are on our lips and occupy our minds, but behind all these the lives of men are depending upon the value of a single comma in the sixty-first chapter of Isaiah—long drawn out in the providence of God.

[1] Francis Thompson, "The Hound of Heaven."

THE FIFTH PICTURE

THE SYNAGOGUE AT CAPERNAUM, OR FOOD AND REST

LEAVING Nazareth, where He had dwelt for thirty years, Jesus came down to Capernaum and made it so completely His new home during this three and a half years' public ministry that it came to be called "**His own city**" (S. Matt. ix. 1).

Capernaum was by no means the largest or most important city by the lake. Tiberias was more magnificent, Tarichæa at the southern end perhaps exceeded it in size, and Bethsaida Julias was a dangerous rival to this great industrial, commercial, and fishing centre. Capernaum, though of no ancient date, was at this time a custom-house station for the Roman tribute, and a military centre.

The industrial suburb was at the tanneries towards Gennesareth, to the south of the city; the fishermen lived down by the sea-shore;

the principal traffic entered from Palestine by the southern road, from Damascus and Syria by the northern, and from Tyre and Phœnicia by the eastern road.

About the middle of this large and prosperous town, which was built almost entirely of a black, basaltic rock (as was also Chorazin, two miles to the north), stood a remarkable structure, a notable land-mark from every part of the Sea of Galilee. This was a magnificent synagogue built of a hard, white limestone like marble (now red and rusty with age) in the Greek style, with a fine porch and double flight of marble steps facing the lake. Apparently it was given to the town by the munificence of a Roman centurion.

Herr Kohl has, under German auspices, not only excavated the whole site buried beneath the earth and covered by jungle for nearly 2,000 years, but the complete structure is now being reconstructed entirely from its original stones, each one of which is being carefully put into its original site. The walls and pillars are already erected, and it is hoped the roof may be on this year, so rapid is the progress. If this be so, travellers will then have a unique privilege. Hitherto there has

[*Photo by American Colony.*

CAPERNAUM, AT THE NORTH END OF THE SEA OF GALILEE.

This looks north, and Capernaum proper, with the restored synagogue, lies behind the buildings seen. The foreground was probably the southern suburb, which was the commercial quarter, full of tanneries and other industries.

GENNESARETH FROM CAPERNAUM.

Here is the lake-side at Tell-Hûm—or Tell-na-hûm, formerly Capher-na-hûm, or Capernaum. It is looking south, and in front lies the whole shore of Gennesareth and the site of Bethsaida, a spot loved by Christ. On the extreme left lies Magdala.

been no building in the wide world in which Christ has ever stood. Now there will be *one*; for there seems no sufficient reason to doubt that this noble synagogue is actually the one where our Lord did so many miraculous works, and gave the wonderful discourse of which I shall here speak.

In front of the building was a raised, paved terrace, nearly four feet wide, with a flight of marble steps at each end. This, as I have said, faced the lake and stood about 100 yards from the shore. The main entrance to the synagogue was from the centre of this terrace, and consisted of an ornamental triple gateway, the centre portal being over 6 feet wide, the two lateral ones 4 feet 6 inches. There was also another door, possibly for women, on the north side. The synagogue measured 78 feet by 59 feet. Several rows of pillars ran the whole length of the building, supporting the roof and a gallery with a beautiful and elaborate frieze. Along the southern wall a broad stone bench ran the whole length of the building, the screen for the women being probably on the other side. To the north and east of the synagogue there is a paved courtyard the whole length of the synagogue and nearly as broad;

and on part of this are some remains of a humble and older building, apparently the old Jewish synagogue which the other noble building replaced.

No doubt in Capernaum there were several other synagogues, but this so far eclipsed all the rest that it was known as "*the* synagogue." Here the man with the unclean spirit was healed; and the man with the withered hand was made whole on the Sabbath Day.

It is probable that this synagogue was the finest in all Galilee, if not indeed in all Palestine, and was certainly in sharp contrast to the one in Nazareth, from which the Messiah had been forcibly expelled about eighteen months before the time of which we are now speaking.

To understand what happened, we must now picture ourselves in Capernaum on that memorable morning (the Sabbath) which succeeded the day of the feeding of the 5,000, or rather about 15,000 people, on the Friday evening before at the close of the second year of our Lord's ministry.

It is nearly time for the synagogue service. Scores of people are flocking up from the shore and lower parts of the town, and a great number come crowding into the synagogue and the open

court around it. The class, too, would be unusual. All the loafers, the unemployed, the idlers, the beggars, men who rarely darkened the synagogue-door, would all swell the excited stream of real worshippers. There is no need for the ten men of leisure (*batlanim*) to make up the congregation to-day, because multitudes are streaming into this immense synagogue; and the buzzing and noise going on in the crowd around the steps shows that something remarkable has happened. If you mingle with them you hear them talk of an extraordinary event which occurred the day before.

It appears, from the excited gossip of this nondescript crowd, that the Prophet Jesus, the day before, had taken ship to the other side of the lake, seven miles away, to the country of Gaulonitis, and there He had gone up to some green slope behind Bethsaida Julias and spoken to the vast numbers of Jews who had come from Gennesareth, from Tiberias, from Tarichæa, and every other quarter of the lake, to hear His gracious words. At the close, finding that they were hungry, He had actually fed them, as Jehovah fed Israel of old, with bread instead of manna, from heaven. He had but five small cakes and a few thick

short fish,[1] like perch, which abound in the lake. Such a small provision would not go very far amongst 5,000 men, besides women and children—in all, some 10,000 or 15,000 people—for it was hardly a sufficient meal for one family. This miracle had evidently really taken place, for the story was repeated with many details again and again.

The people were full of gossip, which was buzzing and humming all around, because this Prophet was not only going to preach to them that morning, and perhaps heal some sick man, but they expected that He was going to feed them; and this is why the unemployed and outcasts and all the loafers in Capernaum were in front of the synagogue that morning to share in the meal. They felt sure the Saviour Himself would come to the synagogue, because such was His custom.

But there was another rumour passing about. A mysterious whisper was heard that something still more supernatural had happened. Some of His disciples who had come in late last night had told their friends of a most wonderful occurrence. Jesus had not come

[1] I have eaten two or three of these myself for breakfast at Tiberias.

back with them in the boat, which had had to start without Him because of the Sabbath—for no one was allowed to set foot in a boat after six o'clock on Friday night, when the day of rest began, or to do any travelling. The people who had been fed had been obliged to sail away early to get back to Tiberias and other distant places, and those who departed late found the disciples already gone when they reached the shore; so they had taken a boat to follow after Jesus.

But He had not been found with His disciples. The wind had been contrary, and Peter and his companions had rowed for many hours against the westerly gale. And then it was said that the form of this Prophet of Nazareth, Jesus, was seen walking on the water. He was then received by His awe-stricken disciples into the little ship, and the moment He entered it the wind seemed to cease, and immediately the journey was over, the remaining miles vanished, and they arrived without further effort at the little town of Bethsaida in Gennesareth.

Try now and imagine with what curiosity, with what interest the gossiping crowd before

the synagogue would at length see Jesus with His little band of disciples coming up the road from the direction of Bethsaida. A way would at once be made for Him as He walked up the marble steps on which we can stand to-day. He entered, and took His seat in the building amongst the poorer people. The men of leisure would be there, the elders also in their rostrum in the middle; and when the service began, a few psalms would be chanted, the four short psalms recited, and then the chazzan, or the roll-keeper, the custodian of all the sacred writings, would go to the ark and pull out the roll for the day, which he passed along to be kissed by all the faithful as he took it up to the elder, the chief rabbi.

Then, when it was in the rabbi's hands, all the congregation would rise; Christ and His disciples would rise, and they would all say these words:

"This is the law which Moses set before the children of Israel, the law which Moses commanded us, the inheritance of the congregation of Jacob. The way of God is perfect; the way of the Lord is tried; He is a buckler to all who trust in Him."

Then the passage would be read, the roll

STONES OF SYNAGOGUE AT CAPERNAUM.

One of the stones of the frieze of the synagogue at Capernaum (supposed to show the pot of manna of which Christ spoke in S. John vi.).

This was the aspect of Tell-Hûm in 1904, before the excavations; and it was these wonderful fragments lying about that led to the Germans undertaking the stupendous work of recovering the entire fabric of the original synagogue (as below).

THE RESTORED SYNAGOGUE AT CAPERNAUM (TELL-HÛM).

This remarkable photo shows the centurion's synagogue being re-erected on its original site entirely of its own fragments laboriously fitted together, involving deep excavations and years of labour. When complete it will be the one building on earth in which the Lord Jesus once stood and spake.

would be taken back, the people would again rise and say:

"Let them praise the Name of the Lord, for His Name alone is exalted; His glory is above the earth and the heavens."

There would be more psalms. The chief elder would follow with a short sermon on the text, and then the hour would arrive for which all the people had been patiently waiting, the time for questions.

All would turn to Jesus to see what was going to happen. What explanation would He offer? Was He now going to feed them all and engage to supply the poor in Capernaum with bread for the future, or what was He going to do? And they all listened intently as Christ spoke of the manna, and while He spoke of the heavenly food He may very well have pointed to what you can see on the restored frieze to-day at Capernaum.

On one of the stones there is sculptured a pot of manna, and some think that the ark of the covenant can be made out in another part of the frieze which ran round the wall of the synagogue. When our Lord spoke He might well have pointed to this, which is so remarkably preserved to us. He spoke to

them of manna, and He said,[1] speaking of Himself as the bread: "**For Him hath God the Father sealed.**" This is thought to refer to a custom of sealing loaves of bread that were fit to eat; and Christ is supposed to allude to this Jewish practice, intimating that He was Himself the One who was sealed by the Father as pure bread, food for all. But all this was beyond His audience.

When the wonderful discourse (preserved for us by the Apostle John, who was present) was ended, they were angry, discontented and puzzled and perplexed. They wanted facts: He gave them truth. They wanted material bread: He offered them heavenly food. They asked for the body: He would feed the spirit. No wonder they were discontented; they could not understand the marvellous points of His sermon.

They murmured greatly as the meal they all expected seemed to vanish from before them. If this Prophet would feed them to-day, as He did the multitudes yesterday, they would be just as ready to make Him a king; but when He offered them Himself as bread, at once His lowly origin was discussed and His teaching refused.

[1] S. John vi.

The Lord then, knowing that none would feed on Him as the living bread, and that the corn of wheat must abide alone unless it die, speaks of His sacrifice and says that the food now offered is His flesh and blood (an idea abhorrent to a Jew) which He would give for the life of the world. The flesh and blood is the sustenance offered, the life derived from a dead Christ, a crucified Redeemer!

Not only the people now, but many of the disciples joined in the swelling murmur as the crowd of disappointed beggars poured out of the doors.

This and the day before were indeed the turning-points of Christ's life. Had He pandered to their carnal desires to-day, or yielded to their excited clamour the night before, He would have been borne up to Jerusalem at the head of an armed mob as a new-found Messiah, and the land would have been deluged with blood, as in the rising of Judas of Gamala and others before.

But His "**kingdom was not of this world.**" The kingdom of heaven is not of earth, else would His servants fight; and thus the danger was averted by this synagogue

discourse, and from this day no such multitudes followed the great Teacher again.

All this was at the close of the second year of Christ's ministry in the early spring; and very shortly after, in the same city, was given the final discourse of S. Matthew xi.

If we compare S. Matthew xi. with S. Luke vii. 36 I think we shall agree that this discourse was probably spoken in a Pharisee's house; not, at any rate, in the synagogue.

One word may be said here respecting the religious parties by which Christ was ever surrounded. The origin of the Pharisees was as follows: the Maccabees, usurping the priesthood (Onias, the true High Priest, being captive at Memphis), and altering the Mosaic law of priesthood, etc., with the aid of secular Jews returned from Babylon and Greece, had to invent the Oral Law to justify their acts, and they were the first Pharisees.

The Sadducees rejected all this, and were the old (Jewish) Tories. The Oral Law was declared to be the interpretation of the law given by Moses, not to Aaron, but to Joshua and the Judges.

Still, but for Judas Maccabæus, Israel and Judah would have ceased to exist at all. A

TIBERIAS AT BREAK OF DAY.

This is a beautiful view, looking west, of Tiberias in the early morning sun. The old Arab is steering the small steam-launch (towing the boat) that is taking us to Semak, at the foot of the lake, for the railway to Edrei (Og, King of Bashan's city) and Damascus.

TIBERIAS AND GALILEE (LOOKING SOUTH).

This is a view of the only town by the Sea of Galilee, the shrunken remains of Herod's once magnificent city. Two miles below (at the white spot on the hill) are still to be found the hot baths which were of great renown in Christ's time; on the left is a Crusaders' castle, while just beyond (by the sea) is the mission hospital and the Franciscan monastery.

Jew had to give one hour daily to the Pentateuch, and two hours to the Talmud. Besides these there were the pure Zealots, fiery haters of all that was not intensely Jewish; and the Essenes, who were a quiet, inoffensive religious people. Bearing these facts in mind, a great light is thrown on our Lord's action with regard to the different sects, and, as here, on His sitting at meat in a Pharisee's house.

The words which I will now quote are the closing words of the chapter, and familiar to us all:

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light."

I shall allude to the earlier part of the chapter in a moment or two. "**Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will rest you.**" "**I will rest you**" is not so much giving them rest, but being a rest to them: it is a personal matter. I might give any one rest by putting them on a bed; but in this case the bed is Christ. "**I will rest you.**" Christ Himself is the One in whom

we rest. This is the first statement, and it is unconditional and stands by itself.

The second offer is conditional:

"Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light."

In the whole passage there are two distinct requests. The first is "**Come,**" the second is "**Take**": there is a rest given and a rest found; but the rest given is the result of coming to Christ, the rest found is the result of taking His yoke.

Let us look at the first rest for a moment, which is primarily a rest of conscience, the result of a position, that of being *in* Christ, and is continuous. The second is primarily a rest of the heart, and is the result of the habit or practice of wearing Christ's yoke.

But though there are two rests, they are both for the same class, the "**weary and heavy laden**"; and what strikes us at once is what we noticed with regard to the picture of the synagogue at Nazareth, that all the mission of the Messiah in delivering and healing was to the broken-hearted, the prisoners, the blind, the bruised, and the poor; and that if we are

not either blind, bruised, poor, broken-hearted, nor in prison, the message is not for us. In the same way we notice to-day that "**Come unto Me**" is not addressed to everybody; it is not a universal invitation. There are universal invitations, but this is not one; this is a particular invitation, and falls most graciously upon the ears of those for whom it is intended. "**Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will rest you.**"

Now, are there any of us who are weary and heavy laden? Are we tired of the round of life, are we heavy laden with many burdens? "**Come unto Me, and I will rest you.**" It is just as if some one came to the poor unemployed who were hanging about in Trafalgar Square late at night, weary, cold, listless, and hopeless, and many of them crippled with disease, and said, "**Come unto me, I will rest and heal you,**" and took them to a house near, and put them in warm beds, and fed them, and attended to their ailments.

Do we know in our hearts and souls that we are so resting on Christ our Saviour that our spiritual position is best expressed by the line, "Safe in the arms of Jesus"? Have we any true sense of the everlasting arms

under us, not rested in our bodies only, but rested in our souls, absolutely at peace, rested in our consciences, with nothing ahead in the future to cause us uneasiness, because all our sins have been borne and all questions settled by the merits and work of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? If we have, we have accepted the first of Christ's two offers here, and are enjoying what it brings to us—a perfect rest of conscience.

But we may have this rest of conscience and yet be very restless in our practical daily life; and that is why there is a second offer. I dwell on this because I wish rather to write for those who well know what it is to look to Christ as a true and perfect Saviour, but who have not perhaps got at the inner meaning of the last two verses with which the eleventh chapter of S. Matthew closes—I will just read them again: "**Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and my burden is light.**"

These are indeed wonderful words, and it is only as we consider them that we see how wonderful they are. I was only looking the

other day at a very good commentary as to what "yoke" is supposed to mean here, and I found it means "fellowship, restraint, and subjection." No doubt these are three minor uses of a yoke. There may be two oxen, and the yoke may prevent one going faster than the other: they are under the yoke. But the chief great primary use of a "yoke" is seldom grasped by Christian people; most are so occupied with the secondary uses I have named that its great purpose is entirely missed. The word "yoke" indeed presents to us two great ideas. *Generally* it is a harness for oxen. *Specially*, it is intended for two, and never for one. We will consider the two ideas in this order.

A yoke, then, first of all, is a contrivance to enable oxen to pull a load along the road or a plough across the field; "yoke" is simply another word for "harness." Harness is not put upon an animal primarily for subjection or restraint or fellowship; it is put upon it to enable it to draw a load. That is the meaning of harness; that is what the collar, or yoke, is especially for; and yet you may search many commentaries without finding such a meaning attached to the word "yoke." Let us, then, be

clear that the true meaning of "yoke" is something to pull a load with, and in the present day answering to the collar on the horse's neck.

Speaking now for a moment as a physician who sees a great many nervous and broken-down people of all sorts, I find that the greater number are not only sick in their bodies, but also sick in their minds, and what they so often suffer from is a complaint which I will call—sore neck. There is nothing these sufferers feel so often—speaking in parables—as a raw place, a sore on the neck. Let me illustrate this.

In London we still have some omnibus and carriage horses, and we notice at once the difference between the two. An omnibus horse has discarded every bit of harness, except the headpiece, and the one essential part, with which the load has to be drawn, which is the yoke, or collar and traces.

Now every device has been adopted to prevent these collars causing sore necks. We have Inspectors of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who go about our streets, and when they see a horse jibbing and restive and backing and difficult to

start they hold up the hand and stop the omnibus; and then they lift the collar, and there, just where the strain of the load is felt, is the secret of the whole trouble—a sore neck.

What, then, has made the neck sore? It is that the collar either does not fit or it has not been properly padded. Ingenuity has been exhausted by harness-makers to provide a perfectly fitting pad for the lining of a horse's collar. It has been covered with all sorts of materials, and stuffed with every conceivable thing, from hay upwards; and it has been inflated like an india-rubber tyre, so as to be pneumatic. But this is found to heat the neck, and I do not think authorities are even yet quite agreed as to what is the best device for lining a horse's collar so that it can pull a heavy load day after day and never have a sore neck: in other words, for its collar to be easy, and its burden (therefore) light.

And this is what Christians want. They have often sore necks; they become sick in body and mind. Why? They have been trying to pull the load of life with a bad collar of their own that does not fit. They have no rest for their souls, no wonder it makes them

miserable. That is why Christ here comes to us and says, It is not enough for you to come to Me as weary and heavy laden and find a rest for your conscience in Myself; you want some means of shielding your heart from all the petty worries and troubles, the great upsets and downsets, and all the contrarieties and meaningless vexations of this world of sorrow.

How are we to go through it all with unruffled spirits? What is the secret of living three-and-thirty years or more in this world without being overburdened with the cares and disappointments of life? How can it be done? Christ bids us consider Himself, and says in effect, "I have some wonderful harness that I have used; I have worn it all My life—at home in Nazareth, and in My public life—and it fits Me perfectly. You shall have it; I will give you My own yoke, with which I have drawn the load of My life, and you will find it will fit you, and your load will then be light, the moment the collar is easy. When the yoke is easy, then the burden is light." The one follows the other; it is cause and effect. The *cause* is the easy yoke, the *effect* is a light burden. And when the burden is light from this cause wonderful things are seen.

You see a Christian moving on with a brave and unfaltering step, and you know perfectly well the heavy load of sorrow he is drawing through life; you know all about the upsets, the cruel bereavements, the false friends, the constant worries, the narrow means, and the failing health, and yet you never see him unhappy. You perceive that the heavy burden is really light; but you cannot see the real cause, which is the collar on the neck with which he draws the load. He has Christ's yoke on, and the burden of life is light.

Let me, however, give a word of caution here. Nothing I have said, or that this passage teaches, alters the fact that sorrow is sorrow and is meant to be felt, that pain is pain and discipline is for our good. Shattered nerves, anguished bodies, and overwrought minds are everywhere around us, and our Lord's blessed yoke does not annul these: still less is it His wish we should go through such trials with a careless and unconscious heart.

On the contrary, our Lord, whose face was more marred than any man's, felt every sorrow, every grief, every contradiction of sinners against Himself. The offer here is not a means for becoming insensible to grief or

sickness, but of finding a rest for our spirits while in it—a far different thing.

Our burden, undoubtedly, of whatever distress and anguish or weakness of body and mind it is composed, is always increased and made heavier by fretting against it when from the injustice of man, or by questioning the wisdom and love of God ; and it is to prevent these two ills, that so needlessly add to the weight of life's burden and destroy the rest of soul, that this yoke is designed. His yoke is easy, because it is properly padded.

What is it padded with ? Two materials. And here we reach, on our Lord's authority, the very inside secret of a Christian's happiness. This is the real cause of the quiet serenity, the even tenor of a good man's life. He has read S. Matthew xi., he has come to Christ, he has taken His yoke upon him, he has learnt of Him, and the result is his burden is light, because his yoke is easy.

What, then, is this yoke padded with ? That is what we want to get at. The two materials mentioned are—meekness and lowliness of heart. Please don't make any mistake. This is not meekness of face. I do not know anything more exasperating than to see a sancti-

monious face; it always makes one feel antagonistic. You instinctively distrust a person who is ostentatiously meek in face. But true meekness is not of this character. Of course there is a stamp on the face, but it is quite different from that which we despise; it speaks of meekness, a lowliness in *heart*—Christ's own spirit, who then draws the load together with us.

Why we so often dislike a meek face is because, in nine cases out of ten, it goes with a proud heart, and a meek expression is put on the face because there is none in the heart. People detest instinctively the fraud of a counterfeit of meekness that puts such a look on the face while the heart may be steeped in pride.

But what is the difference between meekness and lowliness? I take it, meekness is our attitude towards man, and lowliness is the attitude to God. You will find them both exhibited in this chapter. Christ, as it were, gives a great illustration of the qualities of the harness in the earlier part of S. Matthew xi., and then, having shown its value, He would associate us with Himself at the close.

Look at the chapter. Here you see our Lord

quietly going through life just as you may see a horse drawing a burden along a road. He never says to us "Go"; He says, "Come." He never asks us to tread a path He has not trodden first, and He pursues the same order here.

But we must not forget the special meaning of the word "yoke." It is not only harness, but harness for two, never for one. Here, then, comes in our second great help in the burden of life: Christ has no single harness. If we pull alone we cannot use His yoke; for that is for two, and one of the two is Himself.

We thus not only get the ease of a perfect collar by using Christ's harness, but inasmuch as this harness is nothing else but a yoke, we get His company and His strength and His guidance: "**Lo, I am with you all the days**" (Gk.); for the stronger one of a yoke of oxen always directs the weaker.

I have dwelt more fully on the construction of the yoke regarded generally as harness because it is less known; but there can be no doubt that in this special meaning we get a truth of the most wonderful comfort and power.

As I have pointed out, our fellow Burden-bearer Himself sets us the example of a meek and lowly heart.

Turn for a moment to verse 16, and you will find what things Christ had to endure. How would you like to be told, at a time when devil-possession was the prevailing belief of the people, that you were devil-possessed, and to be told it in no joke, but in grim earnest? How would you like to be called a glutton and a drunkard? How would you like to be told that your friends were the most abandoned people in London, that you were always seen going about with the fast set, or the low set, or the sinful set, or the depraved set! Not only going about with them, but that you were as bad as they; in fact, that you were possessed absolutely by the devil?

Now try and imagine the Son of God, who for our sakes had taken upon Himself the form of a man, being exposed to such language and insults here. Imagine it if you can! But He answered not a word. All that He said was, "**Wisdom is justified of her children.**" "You can know a tree by its fruits. I go where I like, and you may say what you will about me; but see what I do; observe what I say; mark the commencement and the end of My life."

Beginning in Nazareth, as I pointed out in my

last address, for thirty years Christ had to endure the contradiction of four men probably far older than Himself (his half-brothers, or cousins?), who did not believe in Him, and His sisters, who do not seem ever to have been among His followers. When He leaves His home and goes to the synagogue He is hurled out of it, and is in danger of His life. He then leaves His native town and goes to Capernaum. He dare not go into Judæa, but has to remain in Galilee, and He stays by the sea and spends all His strength and all His life upon these lake-side cities. He has then to confess that He has lived in vain; He has spent His strength, so far as they are concerned, for nought. And these are the ones who turn round and call Him every blasphemous name they could think of. He replies nothing save—"**Wisdom is justified of her children.**" That is meekness.

Do these revilings vex and perturb Him? Does He go about with a chafed spirit? No, never. "**Wisdom is justified of her children**" is all the reply He has to give to every abominable accusation. This is "**meekness of heart.**"

Observe the occasion on which those words were spoken. "**At that time Jesus answered** and said"; "**At that time**" when all these

[*Photo by American Colony, Jerusalem.*

SEA-FRONT OF TIBERIAS.

Here is the sea-front of Tiberias, looking north. The mountain (of the Sermon on the Mount) is seen in the distance on the right. The boats are typical Galilæan craft. In the foreground on the left is part of the Franciscan monastery. The large building farther along is the Hospital, while above (on the sky-line) is seen "Herod's" castle.

MAGDALA (LOOKING NORTH).

Here are the few mud hovels that are all that is left of the busy manufacturing town of Magdala. Above it, in a long curve, stretches the Plain of Gennesareth, while on the extreme right lies Capernaum. A few miles to the right (on the near shore) we come to Tiberias.

cities rejected Him, when His strength had been apparently spent for nothing, when He had been called every opprobrious name that could be heaped upon a defenceless man, He turned to God with true lowliness of heart and said:

"I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."

But why, why had God done that?

The proud and the unlowly, the wise in their own conceits, would have argued for an hour, would have argued for days: "Why should God hide these things from the wise and prudent? Is it not wise to be wise? Is it not well to be prudent?" And we can imagine a heated debate going on for hours as to the wisdom of God in doing this. What did Christ answer? Here we get the true humility, the lowliness of heart towards God of the man Christ Jesus.

But there is more than this. It was "**at that time**" (the time of His rejection) Jesus said this. If we compare Is. xlix. 4, 5, 6, we read: "**Though Israel be not gathered**" (*i.e.* the prudent), "**yet shall I be glorious in the eyes**

of the Lord. . . . It is a light thing that thou shouldest . . . raise up the tribes of Jacob. . . . I will also give thee for a light to the Gentiles" (*i.e.* the babes). That is to say, it was the Father's good pleasure, on blindness happening to "prudent" Israel, to turn to Gentile "babes."

Moreover, if we now look at 2 Sam. xii. 8, we read it is said to David: "**I gave thee the house of Israel and of Judah, and if that had been too little, I would moreover have given unto thee such and such things**"—that is, according to the analogy of Isaiah, "the Gentiles." So that, had David been faithful, he might have had the Gentiles as well. It is therefore because of God's wisdom in these deep ways that Christ here gives thanks.

Thus the only reply that the eternal Son who was in the bosom of the Father gave—making no assertion of His knowledge of the secret counsels of God, but simply taking the place of a dependent man (the attitude that every one of us can take)—was: "**Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight.**"

Now, that is true lowliness of heart, and with such a spirit we will never get a sore neck. We get the raw places on our spirits by chafing against the providence of God.

We get the contradiction of man in the early part of the chapter; we get the mysterious providence of God in the middle; and at the end we get meekness and lowliness to meet them. If we pad the collar with these two things, meekness and lowliness, no load will ever chafe us, and we shall be able to pull the heaviest burden through life with a light heart; we shall know we have at last got the Christian's secret. This is the secret: to wear Christ's harness. This is what He offers; this is what He says.

We ask, How can we obtain it? It is all very easy to talk about it; but it is hard to grasp, and we don't all seem to have got a hold of it! We know there are seven "I wills" of blessing in the Bible, and these seven "I wills" of Christ's are all waiting on one "I will" from us—**"I will arise and go to my Father."** We have but to **"come"** and **"take."**

Before closing, I should like to call attention for one moment to our Lord's remarks about Tyre, Sidon, and the land of Sodom (which includes Gomorrah). He began to upbraid the cities wherein most of His mighty works were done, because they repented not.

"Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee,

Bethsaida! for if the mighty works which were done in you had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes. But I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment than for you. And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell: for if the mighty works which have been done in thee had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day."

He never says, "Woe unto thee, Nazareth," and yet Nazareth had turned Him out, and Capernaum had not; He never says, "Woe unto thee, Nazareth," because Nazareth had never been evangelised by Him.

There is no record that He ever worked amongst its people as He did in Capernaum. He lived His life in utter seclusion in Nazareth.

Consider now carefully Christ's words here. Jesus, as God, appears not only to know all men's hearts, what they were and are, but He appears also to know what they *would have been* under different circumstances. The statement here throws an additional light upon the fate of the heathen as revealed in Romans ii.

I say 'additional light,' for what our Lord says here—and we must take His words with deep solemnity—amounts to this: "If the Gospel that you have heard had been preached in Tyre or Sidon or Sodom or Gomorrah"—the four most wicked cities in the world—"they **would have repented.**" Not "they would have rejected it." He knew by Divine knowledge that, if they had had the opportunity, they would have taken it. What a meaning this gives to the "**more tolerable**"!

When Christ judges those cities in the Day of Judgment and the people in them, He judges them as four cities whose people, He had Himself declared, would have repented if they had had the chance. Surely this throws a flood of light upon a most obscure subject, and seems to suggest that what men would have done under different circumstances may be deemed by the Judge of all as a ground for passing a more tolerable sentence of judgment.

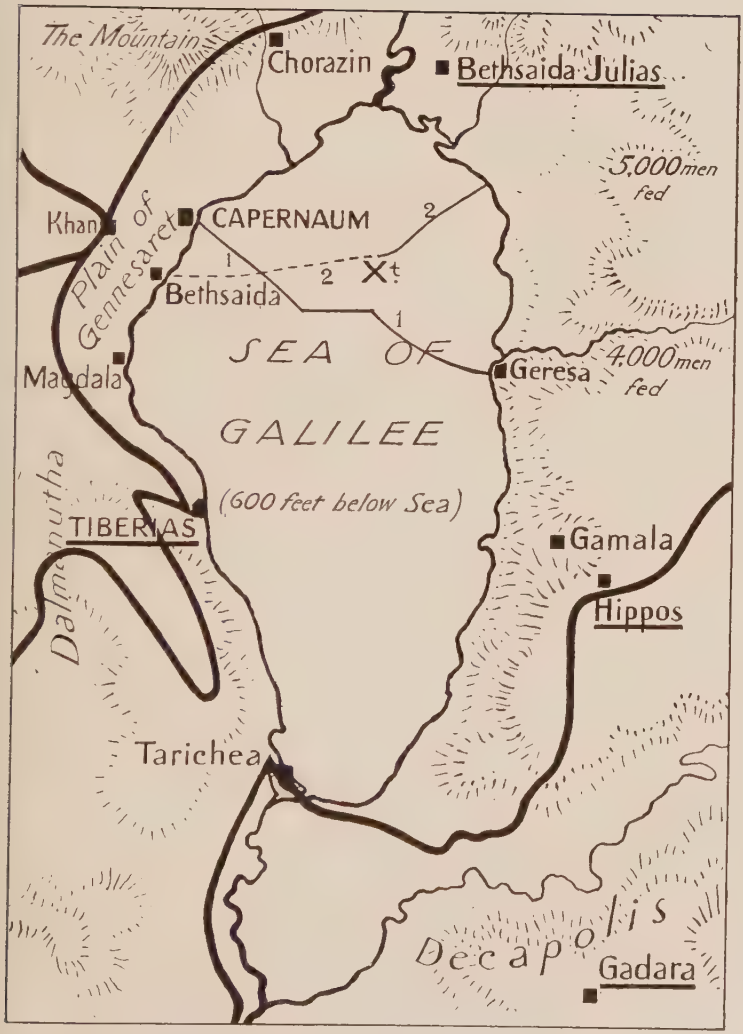
SIXTH PICTURE

TWO STORMS ON THE LAKE, OR SUCCOUR AND DELIVERANCE

Some thirty miles from Nazareth, in a deep and narrow basin, lies the inland Sea of Gennesareth where our Lord spent most of His public life. Lying some 2,000 feet below Nazareth and 600 feet below the Great Sea, it occupies a depression in the upper end of that unparalleled gorge which reaches from the foot of Hermon to the Dead Sea.

The lake is the shape of an Irish harp or a Palestine fig, and about thirteen miles long and seven miles broad, the narrow end being to the south. It is somewhat the shape of the Lake of Geneva, the bulge of the harp being in this case to the west, as in that lake it is to the north. It is still more like the Lake of Zug, but I compare it to Geneva because that lake is better known.

Picture, then, the Sea of Galilee, one third



Sea of Galilee (Greek Cities Underlined), Pictures 5, 6, 7

the length and one third the breadth of the Swiss lake, and where Montreux lies near the northern end of Geneva, lies here the town of Capernaum. The village of Semak, with the Jordan flowing past it to the south, occupies a similar site to the town of Geneva, by the side of which the Rhone issues from the lake. Tiberias may be represented by Lausanne; while the little village of Magdala somewhat corresponds in situation to Vevey.

Between Magdala and Capernaum, or as it were from Vevey to Montreux, lies a strip of shore a mile or two wide—the far-famed Plain of Gennesareth, from whence most of the apostolic band was drawn, and which thus may be taken as the veritable cradle of Christianity, as well as a favourite resort of Christ.

The eastern shore of the sea, like the southern border of the Lake of Geneva, is almost straight, and high and rocky, offering a complete contrast to the smiling and fertile country on the other side. This eastern side is where the swine ran violently down into the sea at the one spot, Geresa—where the steep, grassy slope falls sheer into the water; it is the country of the Gadarenes, and inland to the south of the lake, lay the great Greek

city of Gadara, which overlooked the whole lake, and just above which was the Jewish town of Gamala, and above that again, still on the hill-tops and not far from the northern end of the lake, was the Greek city of Hippos.

Behind this stretched the fertile country of Bashan, an earthly paradise, where the richest corn-fields and grazing-lands in all Syria were to be found, and where to this day the Bible customs are the least changed. Geresa, or Gergesa, was a town on this eastern shore, which was still called Galilee, the country farther east being, of course, outside the land of Palestine proper, and forming part of Ituræa and the region of Decapolis.

Finally, to complete the picture, we must look at the top of the lake, where in Geneva the Rhone enters and in Galilee the Jordan, and where Bethsaida-Julias occupies a similar position to Villeneuve, and there at the head of the valley, some thirty miles away, the beautiful snowy summit of Hermon takes the place of the Dent du Midi in Switzerland.

The water of the lake is fresh and wholesome, sweet to the lips of man and beast; placed in a jar and left in the open air, even in that warm and sheltered spot, it becomes as

SEA OF GALILEE AT GERGESA.

This is a rare photo, showing the one spot (at Gergesa, or Geresa) where the rock falls into the water. Elsewhere around the whole lake a plain, a few yards to a mile wide, runs between the hills and the lake. Here only could swine run into the lake, and here, it is said, they did.

BETHSAIDA.

Bethsaida in Gennesareth, as distinct from Bethsaida-Julias at the north of the lake, was just beyond the white monastery in the picture. Behind the point lay Magdala. Tiberias lies at the foot of the mountains, and the site of Capernaum in the immediate foreground. One of the little bays where Jesus, in a boat, could address multitudes on the shore, is shown. The view is due south.

cold as snow. The Jews speak of this coolness of the lake water as one of the miracles of nature, and one that only a native could fully appreciate. One result of this freshness is the beautiful, contrasting foliage on the banks, for, with the heat of the sun and the coolness of the water, trees and plants of various climes are found side by side; the Caspian walnut, the Syrian fig, and the Nilotic palm are found in clumps on its sunny shores.

Fish are very abundant and of various kinds, and are most numerous at the head of the lake between Capernaum and Bethsaida-Julias, where the Jordan enters into the lake. The kind that is most plentiful is something like a perch in shape, and is sold now all through the district at about fourpence per pound; it is of a species that is only found elsewhere in a small East African lake, and has the extraordinary instinct of carrying its young in its mouth. This peculiarity throws great light upon the story in the Gospels of the fish with the piece of money in its mouth, and it is interesting to note that it is only in Galilee, where this event happened, that the fish have this peculiarity.

The lake is deep, and even in the dry months of summer has draught enough to float small

ships of war. In the days of Christ the appearance it presented was very different from what it is now, and the contrast is striking between that time and the desolate and silent beauty of the shores that the modern traveller now surveys, the whole contour broken only by the one dilapidated town of Tiberias on its western side.

In the days of Christ this now dirty and squalid city was of imperial magnificence; its Acropolis towered on the elevated hill that is now half a mile to the west of its gates. It is true it was built on the site of an ancient cemetery and was considered defiled in New Testament times. Herod, however, cared little for this and filled it with Greeks and Romans and renegade Jews; while, later in history, by a strange irony, it became the centre of the most austere Jewish Rabbinical Schools, who succeeded, before the last of the Apostles died, in obliterating every trace of Christianity from this region!

At the southern outlet of the lake, near where the station of the Damascus Railway now stands at Semak, was the town of Tarichæa, a Jewish city which was even larger and finer than Tiberias, but of which not a trace now remains,

I have enumerated the four cities on the eastern shore. On the west, travelling from the south to the north, we see Magdala, Bethsaida, two miles above it, and Capernaum two miles to the north of that, Chorazin three miles north-west, and Bethsaida-Julias, as we have noticed, on the eastern bank of the Jordan, at the upper end of the lake, while we can see to the south the striking summits of the Horns of Hattin, and to the north the snowy Hermon where the Jordan rises.

In the time of Christ we may notice that all the warlike cities and terrible combats were at the southern end, where Tiberias, Tarichæa, and Gadara were constantly involved in slaughter; while the northern end ever spake of peace, and of miracles of mercy, for it was here especially the Saviour dwelt. The upper end is characterised by the feeding of the 5,000 men, while it was at the lower end the judgment on the devils and the destruction of the swine took place.

Passing up north of Bethsaida-Julias, we come to Cæsarea-Philippi, which in the time of Christ was a sanctuary of the god Pan, and was called Paneas. Here Christ gave utterance to the famous words, "On this rock I

will build My church"; while just to the north again, probably on a spur of Hermon, He was transfigured before His chosen Apostles.

Job is said to have lived to the north-west of this lake.

Between Cæsarea-Philippi and Bethsaida-Julias the luxuriance of the flowers and fruit and trees is wonderful; the oleanders tower in great masses 20 feet high, and tropical vegetation is seen on every side. Philip the Tetrarch had a magnificent tomb in the lake city.

All this has now disappeared, in fulfilment of the curse placed on the land for the rejection of the Saviour. Chorazin now consists of shapeless heaps of basalt, Capernaum is a jungle of weeds with scattered stones, the two Bethsaidas and Geresa have both disappeared, while Magdala in Dalmanutha is represented by a few mud-hovels and a solitary palm.

The waters too, where, Josephus tells us, once 200 ships of war floated, are desolate, save for some small fishing-boats.

But still, even now, there can be no doubt that the real "Holy" Land is here by the lake-side. It is a lovely spot; no din of human life or earthly struggle. The silence is pro-

found. Even nature seems asleep. The noiseless river, fringed by a bright border of oleander flowers, enters the calm mirror of the lake that reflects from its bosom the gorgeous tints of the evening sky. There is no calm like the calm of Galilee; you are at once with Christ and the fishermen here; ineffable peace breathes over the whole scene, and there is no difficulty whatever in this favoured district of realising that it was once the Saviour's home.

Galilee in the time of Christ was the centre of three civilisations: there were the Jews clustered together in their own cities; the Græco-Roman civilisation distinctly characterising other towns; while in Bashan and Decapolis, to the east of Jordan, dwelt the native Syrian population.

Having thus roughly sketched the scenery of our picture, it is time we turned to the incidents it represents.

It was late summer in the second year of Christ's ministry, when His fame became established in Capernaum as a great Physician and a Prophet of the Most High. He determined to leave Capernaum for a visit to the

eastern shore of the lake. A learned scholar of the Law, attracted by the magnetic power of the Master's presence, wished to accompany Him, saying: **"I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest."** Jesus, however, pointed out to him that, though beasts and birds had homes, He who came to open for all a home in heaven had no home on earth; and this surely implies that, since His expulsion from Nazareth, His home there had been closed against Him by the animosity of His fellow townsmen.

To this objection the scholar had no reply, and, leaving him on the shore, Jesus entered into a small sailing-boat in company with some other boats, probably going out to fish. Before they had gone very far, however, a great wind arose, and in an incredibly short space of time the roughness of the lake caused the waves to beat into the boat, so that it began to fill with water. Nowhere, perhaps, do these sudden squalls arise and subside so quickly as in Galilee.

We saw this in 1911 on coming down from Bethsaida-Julias to Capernaum (Tell-Hûm). The lake was as a mirror and we had to row all the way, but the sky towards Magdala

began to be overcast, and when we were re-embarking at Capernaum, after viewing the restored synagogue so marvellously rebuilt by the enterprise of the German Franciscan monks, the "father" urged us not to delay, but to hurry back to Tiberias, for a storm was about to descend upon the lake. Everything was so still and peaceful that I fear we paid but scant heed to his words; but, surely enough, we had hardly sailed a furlong with the light breeze which had sprung up when a squall burst upon us; the wind, rushing down from the horns of Hattin, came screaming over Magdala, and in less than five minutes we were surrounded with white waves and violently tossed upon the sea.

The wind increased rapidly in violence, and our Arab crew lost their heads and rushed about the boat, to our great danger, with loud cries of "Allah." They tried to furl the sail, but for a long time in vain; it kept escaping from their hands, and every moment we expected to see it torn from the mast. The waves were coming into the boat, and, as it was heavily laden, we were in no small fear for our lives.

At last, however, the canvas was wrapped round the mast, and our crew took to the

oars; but even then it was with great difficulty we prevented the water from swamping us. Finally we reached Tiberias soaked to the skin, but far better able to understand this Gospel story than we had ever been before.

It was a very similar storm that had occurred that day when Jesus was asleep in the hinder part of a ship, with His head on a pillow. He, however, was not consciously in the storm, for one who is asleep is elsewhere than in his surroundings. The disciples, almost frantic with fear, roughly woke their Master and brought Him into the stormy scene, crying, **"Carest Thou not that we perish?"**

Then, in a moment, the Creator who made the world and all that is therein, who holds the waters in the hollow of His hand, spake to His creatures, and the wind ceased, and there was a great calm. Familiar though they were with the presence of the Lord, the physical fears of the disciples were now succeeded by fear of another order, and they said one to another: **"What manner of man is this that even the wind and the sea obey Him?"**

This is the story of the first storm on the

lake. There are but two recorded, and I shall endeavour to depict first their contrasts and then to draw from them a parallel of use to all of us to-day.

I may perhaps be permitted here to take once more a leaf out of my personal experience in a storm which I have already alluded to in another book.[1]

I was yachting on the Zuyder Zee with a party of young friends, and was at a very distant and lonely part of it, in the island of Urk. I, with all the party of twelve, had to catch the mail-train to London at a certain hour from Enkhuisen, which is a town at the extreme top of the Zuyder Zee. We set sail from Urk, with hours to spare, as our captain thought; but very soon a storm arose; a strong contrary wind began to blow; the sea got very rough, and things got from bad to worse. I was down in one of the cabins, and received messages from the deck from time to time. At last it got near the hour when the train would start, and I then sent word to the captain to ask, "When shall we be in?" He replied, "I can't say at all; it may be two hours or it

[1] "Studies in the Highest Thought," Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd.

may be longer; at any rate, there is not the slightest hope of your catching that train;" and there was no other for twenty-four hours.

I was in despair. Then relief came. It was not with me a question exactly of arousing the Master to save us, but this thought came upon me. I had been reading some book at the time about the power over wind and waves of occult forces, and I thought, "If these various forces can be used in this way, surely our heavenly Father can at His will, and with the greatest ease, do as He pleases here and now." Therefore, in the cabin I just offered up a silent and earnest prayer that, if it were God's will we should catch the train on which so much depended, He would be pleased so to alter the wind that we could enter the harbour at once.

You know how little faith we have in prayers for material things nowadays, and I do not much like speaking of them myself, because anybody may say, "The thing might occur by chance"; which of course is possible. What really happened was this. I offered up this prayer because we were in great distress about the matter, and I had hardly concluded it when my nephew from the deck shouted out, "The

captain says we shall be in Enkhuisen in half an hour." I said, "Impossible. He told me he could not tell when we should be in; that it would take two hours or more." But my nephew replied, "He says the wind has veered right round, and is now blowing fair for the harbour." I at once recalled the verse, **"While they are yet speaking, I will hear,"** for it certainly was not five minutes after that prayer was offered that the wind changed to the opposite direction, and blew us straight into the harbour in plenty of time for our train. This may be taken as a striking illustration of this gospel miracle; for the wind obeyed His will, and we were brought to our desired haven.

To return to Gennesareth. On this summer day, the first storm on Galilee came somewhat as a surprise, for at this season the disciples expected serene skies and tranquil seas; but the second storm was in the early spring, a time that is well known for violent atmospheric changes, when rough weather of all sorts is a frequent occurrence.

On Christ's return from the first voyage He healed Jairus's child; the poor diseased woman; restored sight to the blind; and cast out a dumb devil. He then took a complete evange-

listic tour round Galilee in the late autumn and winter, and on His return sent forth His twelve Apostles to preach. It was after this, and hearing of the death of John the Baptist, that He crossed over to Bethsaida-Julias and performed His great miracle of mercy.

Here, at first sight, all the circumstances greatly differ from those of the former storm. Five thousand men, besides women and children, seated in gaily coloured parterres on the very green grass, had just had such a meal as possibly most of them had never enjoyed before, and, having found that the Saviour could thus satisfy their material hunger, they were delighted, and tried there and then to take Him and crown Him King. But Jesus, knowing the hearts of all men, and above all fulfilling His Father's will, gave no encouragement to their sudden impulse, and, hurrying His disciples to the shore, bade them depart in the boat while He Himself went alone to the hilltop to pray.

It appears that when the Apostles entered into the boat, the sea was calm and everything looked favourable; but they had hardly started when a strong westerly squall arose, coming from the same quarter as that which

they experienced on the lake before. All sail had to be taken down and they had to take to the oars and toiled hard in rowing in the teeth of the wind against the rough head-seas that burst over their boat. It was now dark, and when they had rowed with great labour nearly half-way across the lake, they saw Jesus coming to them walking on the water.

We all know the story how S. Peter walked on the water as long as he looked at Christ, but sank when he looked at the fury of the wind and waves; how Christ saved him, and how willingly the disciples received their Master into the boat. And then another miracle occurred: in the graphic language of the beloved Apostle, when **"they willingly received Him into the ship, immediately the ship was at the land whither they went."** We must notice that they had not rowed half-way across the lake in the teeth of the westerly gale, and had several miles of rough sea to cross before they could reach Gennesareth; but when Jesus entered their ship the wind was hushed and the great miracle occurred, the miles of water disappeared, and they were at the dry land.

Now, how was this distance traversed?

Not by rowing. There was an end of all toil and labour.

Not by sailing. There was no question of a favourable breeze to bear them over the water.

How, then, did the boat move through these miles of sea? Here is a great unnoticed miracle. In a moment the tossing waste of waters disappear, and they are at the land without an effort; whereas, it had taken them many hours to row a similar distance!

Such are the two stories, so full of significance.

With regard to this latter one we may note, by the way, that when Christ Himself had put His disciples into a boat and had bidden them go to the other side, one would think that they might reasonably have expected at least a good passage. As a matter of fact, it was the worst one they ever had; for, bad as the wind might have been in the first storm, at any rate it was favourable, and they had not to have recourse to the arduous labour of rowing. Surely this has an obvious parallel to-day!

Many, when they get, or think they get, a call from the Master to go on His service, expect, at any rate, to have a smooth voyage; but when, to their amazement, they find the wind is contrary and the water rough, and

[*Photo by American Colony, Jerusalem.*

FISHERMEN OF GALILEE MENDING THEIR NETS.

Here are fishermen, just below Tiberias, mending nets on the western shore of the lake. The buildings in front are the hot baths—there from the time of the Romans. Round the foot of the hill is the exit of the Jordan, while just behind the mast of the boat is Semak, a station on the railway from Haifa to Damascus.

LEAVING THE SEA OF GALILEE.

Here can be seen the hills of Decapolis on the east of Galilee; then the faint eastern margin of the lake. Geresa, where the swine ran down, is about the middle of the picture. Then the lake, six or seven miles broad. Then the town of Tiberias on the western shore; and in the foreground Arabs travelling from Tiberias on the road to Nazareth.

progress is only made with the greatest labour and danger, they often begin to doubt their call, and to wonder if a Heaven-sent messenger should be buffeted about in such a fashion.

The idea that a smooth and prosperous path is a proof that we are Divinely guided to it is not always correct, as many perplexed Christians find ; and this story must be a great encouragement to Christ's storm-tossed servants, and clearly shows that those whom He sends across the waters of life are by no means ensured of a smooth passage and a blue sky. God has higher things to teach them than the enjoyment of travelling comforts. But for the storm, they would never have learned endurance as good soldiers of Christ, nor seen the wondrous miracle by which they were taken out of the storm altogether to the dry land, *never to be tossed with waves nor faint with fears again.*

Is not this a lesson worth seven hours' rowing to learn ? Is it not a matter of the first importance that Christ's disciples, when sent to their spheres of work, should learn the secret of strength, so that their spirits should never faint nor grow weary ?

I think the patient study of these two

storms reveals the secret to us of many of God's dealings.

If we now compare these two scenes, speaking broadly, one would say the first represents Divine succour and the second Divine deliverance. We are told in Hebrews ii. 18, **"In that He Himself hath suffered, being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted."** This was illustrated in the first storm. But we also read in the Epistle of Jude, verse 24, **"Unto Him that is able to keep you from falling,"** and in 2 S. Peter ii. 9, **"The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation"**; which deliverance is illustrated in the second storm.

Perhaps the distinction may become gradually clearer to us if we turn to the fortieth chapter of Isaiah; we find there the prophet inquiring with surprise in verse 28, **"Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary?"** This spiritual condition that knows no fatigue was also that of Christ in His Divine manhood. Contrasted with it, in verses 29 and 30 we read of those who are both faint and weary; even the strongest of the

race, the youths and young men. All these travelling the spiritual road that leads to God, fall on the way with utter fatigue; and then comes the Divine succour, for we read: **"He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength"**; that is, He gives them more strength of the same sort, so that they are able to walk better and to run faster.

In the first storm the disciples fainted with fear, and were weary in combating the rough seas; so they called on One who was neither faint nor weary, for as a matter of fact He was not in the storm at all, but far away from it in peaceful slumber; and He who ever listens to the cries of His people did not fail them then, but at once gave **"power to the faint,"** took away their fears, and there was a great calm on the sea and in the heart. No doubt, had the sea risen again, Christ would have succoured them a second time; and there are many who, passing as it were from storm to storm, seem to need this continual succour, which, thank God! never fails us.

This in itself is a lesson so wonderful and so great—God as **"a present help in time of need"**—that it would seem that Divine providence

and power could go no further; and yet, deliverance is of a far different order from that of succour!

Continuing our chapter in Isaiah, we note the contrast begins with that word "But" in verse 31. The "buts" of Scripture are well worthy of note, for they often introduce a contrasting statement, as here: **"But they that wait upon the Lord shall change their strength [or ability]."** No longer is it a question of increasing it to stand the storms, but of changing its character entirely, and the change is very remarkable and comes to us at the present day with special interest, when men for the first time in human history are beginning to travel through the air. The strength spoken of hitherto only enabled a man to walk, or at most to run, with continual recurrence of faintness and weariness, helped, it is true, whenever required, by Divine succour.

But now how changed the picture! The man for the first time learns to fly; by waiting on the Lord he begins to **"mount up with wings as eagles"**; not in order to show his superiority and to look down with pitying eyes on those who cannot fly as he can, for when God gives eagle's wings it is for one purpose, namely, to bring

us to Himself. God is in heaven, and we are upon earth, and walking or running suits our humble position; but if we would reach God, it is essential, according to our chapter, that we should fly.

It was exactly so in the second storm. S. Peter, who had faith in Christ's word, changed his strength or ability according to Isaiah xl. It is true he did not fly, but he did what was equally novel. Before, he could walk on land, or swim in the water; but now he walked on the water, *i.e.* to him there was no more sea; and, as in flight the soul goes straight to God, so S. Peter walked straight to Christ. A great deal is thought of S. Peter's failure, but that is nothing. Any one can sink in the water, but who can walk on it? At any rate, S. Peter's new ability brought him near enough to Christ to hold His hand, and then, in answer to S. Peter's faith, Christ, willingly received into the ship, took them from time and its seas and storms into eternity, where there was not alone no more storm, but no more sea—for "**immediately the ship was at the land whither they went.**" They had many miles to go, but there was no more rowing; there could have been no sailing, for there was no wind. I ask again, How did they go? Call it what

you will, it is that instantaneous transference of the spirit from storm to calm, from sea to shore, from time into eternity.

The results of flying are very simple; from this moment, as the verse points out, succour is no longer needed. We run, it is true, but we are no longer ever weary; we still walk, but we do not faint; as a matter of fact, we are delivered out of the region where fainting and fatigue are possible.

Of course this will be termed transcendental mysticism; imaginary, and possibly fictitious; but a careful study of the last four verses of our chapter certainly shows in the plainest way the marked contrast I have pointed out between the 31st verse and the preceding three, with a force that no student can deny. Those still sceptical will then bring forward the stock objection that this is in the Old Testament. May I therefore refer to an instance in confirmation of it in the New Testament?

In 2 Corinthians iii. 18, we find men who by the power of the Spirit of God, have learned to fly, for we read that they "**with unveiled face, reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord,**" have been changed in their character by the power of the Divine Spirit. But to reflect His

glory they must live where Christ is, as stated in Ephesians ii. 6, where they are represented as being **"raised up with Him and made to sit with Him in the heavenly places in Christ Jesus."**

Now the statement of such a position as this in Scripture is one thing, but the knowledge and enjoyment of it in the soul is another; and the soul that has learned to live in these heavenly places has necessarily learned to fly, for the heavens are above the earth.

The striking result of such a position and such a condition is immediately seen in the next verse, 2 Cor. iv. 1, to be the same as that in Isaiah xl.: **"Therefore, seeing we have this ministry, as we have received mercy, we faint not."** It is not a little remarkable that the result of reaching the presence of God in the experience of our souls, whether in the Old Testament or the New Testament, is said to be a complete deliverance from faintness and fatigue. Here, again, there is no question of succour, but of a soul living experimentally in a sphere where succour is not needed; for it is where no evil can come, where no storm ever rages, where no winds ever blow, where there is no more sea—it is eternity.

Turning again to the second storm, do we not see in it an illustration of this great truth of deliverance? Is it not true that, just as in the first storm the disciples were *succoured* by Divine power, but at any time were apt to be, and indeed were, tossed and in great peril again, paralysed with faintness, fatigue, and fear, so in the second storm, these feelings are experienced, as far as we are told, for the last time; for the point here is not that the water is made smooth, but that they are taken from the water to the dry land, and, as a matter of historical fact, so far as is recorded, were never in a storm again. This is *deliverance*, and deliverance of a miraculous nature and of a new order.

I am told, of course, that such is never true in Christian experience. I can only ask whether, in a storm, one is at perfect peace; and yet it says: **"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed upon Thee,"** or, as Isaiah xl. puts it, **"Those that wait on the Lord."** It is also written, **"As He is, so are we in this world,"** and I have already pointed out that Christ was never in the storm. In the first, He was asleep, and in the second He was walking on the water, and the moment He did enter the ship it ceased to be in the storm at

all. There is no doubt that, in this, the disciple may be as His Master, and such surely is God's will and desire. The body, of course, faints and is weary, the mind too gets exhausted with labour and toil, and ever will; it is not of these that I here speak; it is of the spirit, which, when it lives in this world, is also ever subject to faintness and weariness, but when its home is practically with God in heaven, where He has placed it according to the Apostle's words in Ephesians, it is then living in eternity, and can neither faint nor be weary, nor is it ever tempest-tossed on the waters of time.

One more illustration, before I conclude, may be of help. If Canaan be a type of the "**heavenly places**" where our spirits shall dwell in Christ Jesus, we find in the Old Testament in the story of Caleb a man—the only man, one might say—who went in from Kadesh-barnea to the land and possessed it by faith, counting that his God was greater than either the giants or the "**cities walled up to heaven.**" It is true that he had to share the unbelieving wanderings of the Israelites who rejected this heaven, and not until forty years later did he finally reach it; but his heart and spirit so

dwelt there all the time that, when he stood before Joshua at eighty-five years of age, he declared he had not aged a day since he was forty. He had seen all Israel not only faint and fall with weariness in the wilderness, but absolutely die, while over his head these long years had passed and left him untouched, for the simple reason that his spirit was not dwelling in time, but in eternity; he could not faint, neither was he weary.

There are, indeed, in this connection but two sorts of Christian: those who die before they go to heaven, and those who go to heaven before they die. The former have never learned to fly, or to walk upon the water; the latter have. The former ever require succour in their troubles; the latter are delivered by Divine power out of their troubles. The former are the disciples in the first storm; the latter the disciples after the experience of the second storm.

All Christians are brought, as Israel was, to Kadesh-barnea, and the question to-day is, as it was then, Will we go in by faith to this spiritual land and possess it now? Caleb, and after him Joshua, said, "Yes"; the rest of Israel replied "No," and the result was that,

those who refused, all died without seeing Canaan, *i.e.* heaven. One may say that they lived again in their children, who crossed the Jordan and entered the land after their father's death; but not before.

Caleb, however, answered to the call of God, and his faith was counted for righteousness; he laid hold of his heavenly calling; he dwelt at Hebron in spirit, and thus we may say he dwelt in heaven before he reached it. This alone can keep the spirit fresh and unweary; this alone can keep the soul calm and in perfect peace; this alone can make us share the secret of the Man of Galilee, so that in some degree we may be able to **"walk even as He walked."**

THE SEVENTH PICTURE

CAPERNAUM, NAIN, AND BETHANY, OR THE THREE RESURRECTIONS

A YEAR before the last storm the Master was an accepted Prophet at Capernaum. He had been baptized by S. John in Jordan, and before the second year of His public ministry, He had already done many wonderful works, commencing with the miracle at the marriage feast at Cana. He had been to Jerusalem for the Feast, and had returned to Capernaum—His own city.

Here, in their renowned synagogue, some nine months before the feeding of the 5,000 men, He had healed the man with the withered hand and brought back from the gates of death the centurion's servant. Great multitudes followed Him about, to whom, sitting often in a little fishing-boat while the crowds clustered on the banks on either side of the creek, He spake as never man spake in sermon and parable.

Suddenly Christ and His disciples disappeared from Capernaum. It was summer, and the country was getting parched and bare. The wild flowers which carpeted it everywhere in spring with a rich profusion unequalled elsewhere, so that the whole district right away south to Esdraelon was one riot of colour, had now all disappeared. The ripe grain, however, was waving from end to end. The fig-trees were laden everywhere with their rich fruits, the darker green of the pomegranate was covered with brilliant scarlet blossoms, the grapes and olives were beginning to form.

It was at this time, in the second year of His public ministry, that the Master, for reasons known to none but Himself, went to Nain on an evangelistic tour. He was accompanied by His chosen Apostles, several devoted women who ministered unto Him, and a dense crowd who followed Him about everywhere in Galilee.

Leaving Gennesareth, He passed through Magdala and climbed the ascent from the Sea of Galilee to the high plain country by the Horns of Hattin and the parts of Dalmanutha, and, crossed the busy road that

connected Sepphoris, the capital of Galilee, on the right with Tiberias down by the lake (into neither of which cities is Christ said to have entered). He wound round the south side of Tabor, and entered the fertile plain of Esdraelon. In the blue distance to the west lay the long range of Carmel, looking like a running greyhound, in marked contrast to the molehill contour of Tabor.

Five miles across the plain, near the foot of the long slope of Little Hermon, lay the bright little town of Nain, a very different place from the poor and miserable village of to-day.

Here, before the arrival of the Saviour, the tragedy that drew Him hither had taken place. A widow woman, who had one son, her pride and joy, had stood at his death-bed the day before, and to-day, in the quick manner of these Eastern climes, the loved body of her "all" was to be laid in the little cemetery that lies to this day outside the humble entrance to the town. The graves are very shallow, and the dead are placed in no coffin, but just laid in the earth in their shrouds, with the result that travellers are constantly made involuntary

MOUNT TABOR.

This was formerly supposed to be the Mount of the Transfiguration. It is now given up and a spur of Hermon substituted. We are looking north from the Plain of Esdraelon, and a little beyond Nain. On the extreme left lies the village of Deburyieh, whence Deborah came; while crossing the foreground and passing away to the right is the track from Capernaum along which the Lord came to Nain.

GATE OF NAIN.

This is taken from the village and shows the entrance to it (just behind the group on the left), where Jesus met the funeral procession. The little cemetery is round to the right, and still exists. Tabor is in the distance.

witnesses of the most horrible scenes; and experience shews that those who see two or three vultures hovering about, some jackals or hyænas, or possibly a wolf prowling round, do well to give the spot a wide berth to avoid a shock at the repulsive spectacle.

On the day on which the Saviour drew near the town-gate, the funeral had nearly reached it from the widow's house, headed by the loud professional wailers, who are inseparable from an Eastern burial as in our more cultured Western towns a funeral would be without the black pall and other conventional signs of death. There was no question here of an urgent appeal to Christ for help, and it may well be asked by those who do not closely study the Gospels for themselves, what unseen force brought the Lord of life and the victim of death together at this particular moment.

Was it a question of His Divine *omniscience*, or was it some drawing of subtle sympathy of spirit, or could it be mere chance that brought this present help in time of need?

The reverent Christian will not find it necessary here to strengthen the perfect manhood of the Lord by recourse to His Divine power; still less to even suggest the other

possibilities; but, remembering how "**He learned obedience,**" will see here one more instance of that perfect accord of movement with His Father's will that is seen in relation to diurnal time in a true chronometer.

He *must* finish the work for which He was sent, and on this day had to be at the gate of Nain at an exact moment: just as, before, He must reach the Well of Jacob ere the sinner from Sychar drew near.

One of the most fascinating studies is to follow the time-notices of the Gospels—"**Woman, Mine hour is not yet come**"; "**When the hour was come**"; "**At that hour**"; "**This is your hour,**" etc.—and then one begins to observe, with awe, that the man Christ Jesus moved in perfect submission to certain definite hours and times.

Few in Israel knew or cared about this small village tragedy; but it was known in the Courts above, and at Heaven's high behest the Son of Man was arriving even now at the gate of Nain.

I stood, myself, when there last year behind the wall at "the gate of Nain," and in silent reverie mentally pictured it all.

Coming along from the town, I thought I

saw and heard a number of people wailing with loud voices and beating upon their breasts; then men came carrying a bier upon their shoulders, followed by one pathetic, solitary figure, a widow, whose only son had died. The burial-ground lies away to the right; but ere the procession passes the gate I hear sounds of an approaching multitude coming up out of the plain towards the town.

In front of the crowd comes a little band of ten or twelve countrymen plainly and even poorly dressed; and amongst them One who, by no outward vision of mine, but by some inward sense, some burning of the heart, one discerns is indeed the Christ of God, the Saviour of the world. Just opposite where I stand, at the gate of the city, the Lord of life meets the king of terrors, and the battle is fought and the victory won. Before my eyes, in my vision, the wailing suddenly stops, and there is a profound silence as the people of Nain realise that the great Prophet of Galilee is amongst them for the first time. Jesus commands the bearers to stop, steps up to the bier, and says in a voice that can awake the dead, "**Young man, I say unto thee, Arise.**"

Here was none of the still beauty of the child of Jairus—the subject of the second resurrection. The man was not only dead, but being buried; and I think, too, we may say there was no expectant faith or hope here. The people, as far as any people can be said to be, were strangers to Christ; and the last thing they expected was that paralysing spectacle of Divine power that, on the rare occasions when it is physically displayed, strikes all observers dumb.

"**Young man, I say unto thee, Arise.**" The bier was lowered to the road by the awe-stricken bearers as the clothes began to stir; and he that was dead arose, and Christ filled the widow's empty heart and arms once more. In this poor, squalid funeral there were none of the costly wrappings and grave-cloths that we shall see elsewhere, which make the re-entrance into active life more difficult.

It was thus that mourning was turned into joy, comfort came, and they "**were made to rejoice from their sorrow and were satisfied with the goodness of the Lord**" (Jer. xxxi. 13, 14). Such was the first resurrection—a true type and picture of most conversions. The widow's son was clearly dead, and about

to be buried. There was no sigh of human life in the body at all.

So it is with the average man before he touches the Divine, or the Divine Voice reaches and rouses him.

No pretensions are made. The man is "all there," and very much alive indeed to all human interests and concerns and life of body and soul. It is only towards God and in the spirit he is dead, and feels no response towards the Christian life and faith. I shall speak more on this hereafter, and only stay now to point out that this first resurrection represents, in the spirit-world, the average conversion, turning to God, and new birth of men in all ages. The other two present respectively the two extremes, of which this is the mean.

In the second resurrection it is death indeed, but so near the borderland of life that every semblance of life is there, only the reality is wanting.

Let us look at the picture!

It is early autumn, and we return to the Galilæan shores for the last time to take one more look at the only city Christ called His own—Capernaum. The time is between the

two storms on the lake which were our subject in the last Picture. The interest now centres round a ruler of that magnificent synagogue, probably the finest in the whole land, that the wealthy Roman centurion built for Capernaum, and which was sketched in our Fifth Picture. We have seen its striking appearance as viewed from the lake, above which it stood like a pearl in a setting of jet—a white marble building in the midst of a town of black basalt. The city was at the height of its prosperity, and full of wealth, not only from its extensive commerce, but from its manufacture of leather in its southern suburbs towards Gennesareth. This large and beautiful synagogue had several "rulers," and twelve years ago one of them, Jairus by name, had a daughter born to him. At the same time that he was rejoicing over this event, we may notice incidentally that in another part of the town, unknown to him, a woman fell ill with an incurable disease, involving great loss of blood, and rendering her ceremonially unclean.

Christ was at this time quite a young man at Nazareth, and only visited the lake-side occasionally as a travelling carpenter, who could make oars as well as yokes and ploughs

for oxen, and all sorts of house-fittings in wood. As yet He was no prophet, still less had He been proclaimed the Messiah.

The Ruler's little girl grew up, the delight of her parents, and the poor woman got no better from her disorder; and when nearly twelve years had elapsed they both heard of the great Prophet, Jesus of Nazareth, who had now left His trade of carpenter and had come to Capernaum to live.

One day, with His disciples, He walked up from the city along the great Tyre Road to the old Khan Jubb Jusef, that stood then on a high plain about two miles behind the city, just as it does now. Here was an innumerable crowd of caravans and merchants going to and fro in all directions. Roads from Jerusalem, Damascus, Phœnicia, Cæsarea, and Capernaum, all met here; and there were always hundreds of people with herds of camels, horses, mules, and donkeys on this plain, at the foot of what was known thereabouts as "**the mountain**" (see Matt. v. 1, R.V.). As evening drew on, leaving His disciples at its foot, Christ went to the top alone and remained all night in prayer to God. In the morning, when He came down, He chose His twelve

Apostles, who had come up the mountain-side to meet Him.

With them He descended to a little terrace just above the plain, and there, with His disciples sitting on the stones around, delivered that sublime discourse to them, known as the Sermon on the Mount; while to the crowds that had gathered to listen on the plain immediately below, it was a sermon on the plain, as recorded in S. Luke. One only requires to see the spot to understand the double title of the discourse.

Soon after this the ruler's little girl, now twelve years old, and whose name we do not know, was seized with an illness so serious that she was given up by the doctor, and lay in Jairus's house at the point of death.

The distracted ruler had but one resource left. Could the great Prophet heal her? But, alas! the Prophet was away! After His return from Nain, and working more wonders in Capernaum, He had crossed the lake in that great storm when He slept in peace in the midst of raging waves, and had reached the country of the Gergesenes. Here He had cast out the devils that had possessed the poor

lunatic, and even now was just returning to Capernaum.

When the news came at last that Jesus had arrived in a boat from the lower end of the lake, Jairus made his way through the dense crowds that surrounded Him on the sea-shore, and, falling at His feet, besought Him to come to His house without delay, and lay His healing touch on his child to restore her to health.

Jesus did not delay a moment, but walked by the ruler's side with His disciples in the middle of a dense crowd; He went towards the house.

But now an extraordinary event occurred. That very poor woman of whom we have spoken, who had been afflicted with an incurable illness during the whole of the little girl's life, and who had spent all her scanty store to the last farthing in medical remedies which had been without efficacy, "happened" to be going along the street as "Jesus of Nazareth" was passing by. She had long wondered whether He could not heal even her malady, and instinctively felt if she could but touch the sacred hem, or white fringe, or talith of His garment she might be healed.

So, seizing her opportunity and forcing her way, in spite of her weakness, through the crowd, she got behind Him, and, reaching forth the trembling hand of faith, touched the fringe.

Immediately she felt well, her disease was cured on the spot, and her sore trouble of twelve years was ended in a moment.

But Jesus, though He disregarded all the rude pushing and thronging and squeezing of the dense crowd around Him, felt, with a joyous thrill, that gentle touch of faith behind, and, stopping at once, turned round in the throng, and asked who had touched Him. Here we note the psychological gulf that lies between mere contact and the living touch. The one a matter of accident and contiguity, without spiritual link, the other vitalised by faith and a double vehicle of prayer and blessing.

To the dull perceptions of the disciples there was no distinction between the two.

The woman who had thus stolen her blessing —a theft which the Master loves—and fearing it might be taken away from her after all, had to come forward, and, falling prostrate, told Him all the truth.

And then, as the touch had brought the

healing of the body, so the Lord's words, falling on her delighted ears, brought a peace **"that passeth all understanding"** to her spirit, and she learned, to her astonishment, that her faith had "saved her," and that her disease would return no more.

This unlooked-for interlude, however, took time, and the delay caused great disaster to Jairus, for, as Jesus turned again to proceed, several of the ruler's servants met Him and told their master that all was over, and his child was dead.

We can imagine the poor ruler's despair and anger at the delay that had cost his child her life. And yet, surely this would be tempered with some hope! Only this very summer a young man at Nain had been raised from his bier by this great Prophet. "Might it not even be possible ——?" And the half-formed thought perhaps somewhat brightened the ruler's face, and lessened his despair, and enabled him to lend a believing ear to the Master's cheering words. For Jesus, doubtless overhearing the bad news the servants had whispered, turns to Jairus with words that brought peace, and drove out despair, **"Fear not, only believe."** And they went on to the house.

At the entrance none were allowed to pass save the Lord Jesus, Jairus, S. Peter, S. James, and S. John; and the door closed upon them. In the inner courtyard, however, they found another throng of mourners and flute-players, noisy with professional grief, and telling Jairus that the Prophet had arrived too late, for his daughter was dead.

When Jesus entered the child's room, with the girl's parents and the three disciples, and said she was but asleep, the mourners there, having seen her die, laughed Him to scorn. Again Jesus had to put out the multitude and shut the door upon them; and thus seven were left in the silent room—or rather, six and one dead body still warm, and with all its youthful peace and beauty. The girl almost looked as if the Master's words might be taken literally, and the damsel were only taking rest in sleep. None of the repulsive accompaniments of death were here. The child lay as described by a great poet long ago:

> "He who hath bent him o'er the dead
> Ere the first day of death is fled,
> The first dark day of nothingness,
> The last of danger and distress
> (Before Decay's effacing fingers
> Have swept the lines where beauty lingers),

And marked the mild angelic air—
The rapture of repose that's there—
The fixed, yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
Some moments—aye, one treacherous hour—
He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed
The first, last look by death revealed."

BYRON, *The Giaour.*

The case was, however, as far beyond all human help as if she had been four days dead already.

Jesus took the child by her hand, scarcely yet cold, and just said "**Arise,**" and the five amazed witnesses of the miracle saw the child get out of her bed to be clasped in her mother's arms. The good Physician would give not only life but strength, and commanded the bewildered parents to see that the child was fed at once. This was the second resurrection, and here we see what so frequently transpires in the spiritual world to-day.

So perfect in some is the conduct, so fair the character, so beautiful the ways, that it seems hard and almost cruel to doubt that the spirit is alive to God, that the "vital spark of heavenly flame," the new birth from above, is there. At the most they look asleep—but surely not dead.

This is a case far removed from the young

man of Nain. There was no question of life there, as there seems to be one here.

And yet—and yet—she cannot breathe! The Holy Spirit (or breath) is not there; and the same Voice heard at Nain must resound in the child's chamber ere she can be raised to life.

As before, I only just note this in passing, as I shall return to the subject after we have looked at the third resurrection.

Just as the raising of the daughter of Jairus at Capernaum illustrates victory over what may be called the lighter and brighter side of death, so, on the other hand, does the story of Bethany and the third resurrection miracle show the triumph of Divine power over death in its most repulsive and hopeless form.

It appears that in this case Christ received a message when he was staying on the other side of Jordan in temporary seclusion, that a friend of His in the little hamlet of Bethany on the Mount of Olives had been taken ill; he who with his two sisters seemed to provide for Christ the most peaceful home He had on earth. Their house was probably one of the best in the poor village, and its proximity to Jerusalem, involving only a short walk across Olivet, together with

its complete seclusion, made it an ideal resting-place for the One who took upon Himself the form of a servant.

It is said, "**Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus**" (S. John xi. 5). This trio, one may remark, represents the three forms under which Christians may be regarded; that is, as *doing*, *being*, and *suffering*—or the transitive, intransitive, and passive. Martha represents the active form, Mary the intransitive, or state of being, and Lazarus the passive, that of suffering. In the Christian world some in the same way are characterised by what they do, others by what they are, and others again by what they suffer.

May one, indeed, with reverence, venture to go one step further, and suggest that these three conditions find their origin in the revelation of the Triune God, the Holy Spirit being the Agent or Doer, the Father the ever-existing, unchangeable I AM, and the Son the Sufferer, the Saviour of the world.

One would have thought that, when the message of distress reached Jesus at Peræa, a loving heart would at once have responded to it by a hasty journey to the spot, but in that case the story of the third resurrection would have been

lost, and, what is of far greater importance, the impossible would have happened; for Christ would have acted otherwise than in accordance with His Father's will. This Will kept Jesus inactive, two days still in the same place where He was; not on account of apathy (for, as we may repeat, "**Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus**"), but that the will of God might be done.

When the appointed hour arrives, He, with His disciples, descends from the high and breezy table-lands of Moab into the steaming Jordan Valley, and, crossing at the well-known ford of the Lower Bethabara, Christ passes through the lovely heathen city of Herod's Jericho, and, climbing the toilsome ascent through the desert of the arid Judæan hills for over 3,000 feet, reaches the level strip of road that passes the foot of the village.

In this instance we notice in this death of Lazarus, as in the far different case at Capernaum which we have narrated, Christ speaks of death as sleep, but in the First Resurrection of which we have spoken, at Nain, there is no such word. At first sight it seems strange that the widowed heart at Nain should not have been comforted by the thought of sleep. The

problem is not easy to solve, but it may be suggested, though not by any means pressed, that it is possible that the little girl representing the children whom Jesus loved, and Lazarus as a believing friend, stood in a different relationship to death from the young man unknown to Christ, who may be a picture of average humanity. One may, indeed, go further, for there are two distinct classes who at their death may be said to sleep in Jesus—the children, on account of the fact of Christ's death, and believers on account of their personal faith in it. No other dead are said to sleep. In these three deaths we can see not only three degrees of death but the three classes with regard to their future state: the child and the disciple who only sleep, and the ordinary man who is dead indeed.

Turning to the right, out of the desert road, the short lane ascends the village street. On the right now stands the ancient ruins of an early Christian shrine built on the supposed site of the house of the immortal sisters. As Martha was sitting there, the house filled with her sorrowful friends, the news came that Jesus was coming up the Jericho road. Running down the lane to meet Him, she gently

referred to His tardiness in responding to their piteous appeal. She did not say, as in the case of Jairus, that, as her brother had died, it was too late; for she believed, in some vague way, that a miracle might yet be wrought on his behalf.

As we stand on the road to-day in silent reverie, we can well reproduce the scene. Jesus, now nearing His cross, bears the lines of suffering humanity deeply graven on His face, so as to look at least ten years older than He is; close behind Him would stand His wondering disciples; while in front, bowed before Him, was Martha in her simple village dress. Jesus had just said to her, in response to her faith, "**Thy brother shall rise again**"; and Martha, well taught in the current belief of the Pharisees regarding the dead, immediately replies, "**I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day.**" Then came those immortal words of glorious hope, the utterance of which is heard at every Christian funeral at the present day—"**I am the resurrection and the life**"; and, looking at Martha, the Saviour asks, "**Believest thou this?**" Martha, carried beyond her depth, begins to wish she had brought her sister with her, who was more

deeply versed in the hard sayings of the Master; so, rising with the inadequate words, **"I believe that Thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world,"** she hurries back up the lane, and, calling Mary secretly apart from the mourners, tells her the Master is in the road below, and is calling for her.

From the narrative we should judge that the summons was rather one felt by Martha than actually uttered by Christ. Mary, however, hasting in response, came quickly down the lane and met Christ just below the village. When she was missed in the house, the natural supposition was that she had gone to her brother's grave, a short distance away, to weep there; so the mourners rose up hastily and followed her.

When Mary, followed by all her friends, meets her Lord, she falls on the road at His feet, and in the exact words of her sister, says, **"Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died."** Her tears moved the sympathy of Christ, and He asked, without further words, to see the tomb. Mary and Martha, with the others who by now had gathered round her, led the way out of the road to the

loved spot where her brother was buried. Being people of substance, this was not one of those shallow graves which, to Western eyes, so disgrace the Jewish burials in Palestine, but probably a rock-hewn tomb, with its heavy rolling-stone—such a one, indeed, as the Saviour Himself was shortly to lie in, preceding His own glorious Resurrection.

Jesus stood before the silent tomb, and, in deep contrast to the noisy wailing (often of a professional character), that went on around Him, in the words of the Evangelist, He shed silent tears as He stood—"**Jesus wept!**"

The Jews marvelled at this grief, of such a different character and depth from their own, and naturally the word went round, why did He not come sooner? Could not this good Physician, who opened a blind man's eyes the other day in Jerusalem, have cured even this mortal sickness?

Now, the resurrection of Lazarus was not of the same character as that of Christ. When the women, coming early in the morning to the holy sepulchre, said, "**Who shall roll us away the stone?**" and found that it was already rolled away, we must carefully note this was

RUINS OF CAPERNAUM.

This is the scene, looking east, just before the excavations were begun. The Bedouins are sitting about the centre of the ancient city; their tent is seen by the shore.

GRAVE OF LAZARUS AT BETHANY.

This is the entrance to the reputed tomb of Lazarus. Its claims to authenticity are not very great, and it is probable that his tomb, like the little cemetery at Nain, was farther away outside the village. This is just on its northern border, and about 100 yards or so away from the "home" of Martha and Mary.

not in order to let the Lord of glory out, but to let the disciples look in. Here it was different. The first necessity for this third resurrection was that this heavy rolling-stone should be pushed back along its groove. The only place I know of where such a stone and such a groove can be now seen in their original connection is in the tomb of Helena, queen of the Adiabene, commonly called the Tombs of the Kings, a little north of Jerusalem.

Martha, however, a practical woman, objects to this, for there had been no attempt to embalm her brother (as there was in the case of Christ), and he had been dead by this time "**some four days already**"; and she greatly feared lest corruption should have already begun its ravages on the beloved form. Meanwhile, however, the stone had been rolled back, and Jesus, lifting up His eyes to heaven, thanked His Father for the coming display of Almighty power, and then with a loud voice that could easily be heard, not only as far as the tiny village, but along the Jericho Road below, He said, "**Lazarus, come forth!**"

He that was dead came forth in the fulness of life it is true, but with great difficulty, for he was not as the young man of Nain, poor

and obscure and buried in the meanest of fashions; but in his case all that love and money could do had been done. He was swathed as was the Lord later, all over with linen bandages known as grave-cloths, while his face was bound about with a napkin.

For obvious reasons there were none of these in the case of Jairus's little daughter, although she was a child born in wealthy surroundings. Here, alone, we get an addition needed to the immortal power that raised the dead, for the man could neither walk nor see. The word, therefore, now is, "**Loose him and let him go.**"

This is the third resurrection.

And now briefly to combine the whole, we note that all three classes of physical death, from that which is almost life down to that which is almost corruption, require the same Divine power, the same living Voice to raise them to life. We get represented by these three (1) those who are dead, but do not look so, (2) those who are obviously dead, and (3) those in whom the ravages of death may be well marked; and, turning from the physical to the spiritual sphere, and reading in the Divine Word that toward God and apart from Christ all are

spiritually dead, we see the same three classes before us now.

There are those whose loving spirits, whose tender care for others, whose gentle hearts and reverence for things that are good, almost seem to speak of spiritual life; they are naturally so good that it seems hard to believe that they may not have yet heard the Voice in their souls that wakes the dead—in other words, that they may not be "born again" and possessed of that higher nature which alone can live in heaven. These, perhaps, trusting too much to their own goodness, are often harder to raise than the more obviously dead. Such in our story was the daughter of Jairus, and the Saviour was well-nigh laughed to scorn by those who might have left the child to perish. It is only when viewed in the searching light of Divine purity that we learn that even these fair flowers of humanity come under the same sentence of **"All have sinned and come short of the glory of God."**

And it is well to mark that no less power than that which raised Lazarus will avail the little daughter of Jairus, greatly differing as her case may seem; and that thus the gentle and refined lady in her boudoir really

requires the same Saviour as those uncouth fragments of "broken earthenware" whose wondrous story has been unfolded to us by Harold Begbie.

This, then, which in point of time was the second resurrection, is the first in what we may call the degrees of resurrection.

In the second, which is that of Nain, we get the man so obviously dead that about him there is no question. Such an one in the spiritual sphere would be represented by a man making no profession of faith in Christ, who has no special virtues, nor perhaps is cursed by any special vices; what one would call the average man, known often as the "man in the street." Such an one, if the Bible be true, is spiritually dead without a doubt. Indeed, he makes no profession of life towards God, but rather repudiates such an idea as outside his survey. For him the things of time and sense suffice; he has his share of the world, and even if that be not enough, the "**gift of God**" has no attractions for him; he wants nothing different, but only more of what he already has. This is what we may call the normal type of death, the story of Nain constituting the second degree of resurrection.

The same Saviour is needed here to raise the dead by His voice; and every day hundreds of this class hear it, and pass from death to life in the power of the second (or spiritual) birth.

The third resurrection, that of Lazarus, presents to us spiritually a man obviously steeped in vice, led captive of the devil at his will; a man in whom the lusts of the flesh abound and who is already turning to corruption. It is not only that such a man is spiritually dead, but even the man of the world will agree is steeped in gross sins. Can the power that so easily aroused the daughter of Jairus raise such an one to life? The answer physically is seen in Lazarus, and spiritually in those triumphs of grace with which the Salvation Army, the Church Army, and kindred associations who take the precious from the vile, abound.

One point alone remains. Lazarus required something which the other two did not, and this was due to his status in the social world. Is there not something analogous to this in Christian life, so that in those grave-cloths, without straining the parallel, we may easily discern those social fetters and customs which, in the case of the well-to-do, even when

raised to life everlasting by the power of Christ, hamper, fetter, and confine the free movement of the new life? Such have to be loosed as well as the man raised, and no doubt many of my readers know practically the necessity of the second as well as the first.

This concludes our brief survey of these three marvellous scenes, the miracles of which are repeated around us every day.

EIGHTH PICTURE

THE GALILEE CARAVAN, OR THE LAST JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM

THE stories of the life of our Lord grow in beauty as we draw near to the close.

We have in this picture to try and visualise the scenes in the last few days of the history of Christ on earth, and it is very remarkable to notice that this part of our Lord's life is told in such great detail that it occupies one-third of the whole of the Gospels. If indeed the rest of Christ's public life were written with the same fulness, it would take four of our Bibles to contain it, and if His whole existence on earth were described in the same manner, it would take no less than forty Bibles as large as ours to record all that He said and did.

This profuseness of detail, therefore, shows us the enormous importance in the eyes of God of these closing days. Within the limits at my

disposal only a rough, but I trust vivid, sketch of them is possible.

Let us try and see the scene as if we had lived in Palestine at the time.

We commence with Sunday or Monday afternoon in Passion Week in the year A.D. 29. On that day Christ, who had been in Idumæa, after passing through the borders of Galilee and Samaria, probably joined the Galilæan caravan of Passover pilgrims, which, coming down from Nazareth, crossed over the Jordan near Bethabara below the Sea of Galilee.

The Galilæans, according to Josephus, who were not nearly so strict ceremonially as the Jews of Judæa, usually went to the feasts through Samaria by the direct route, but it appears that the large caravans at Passover time, no doubt for special reasons unknown to us, often went through Gilead and down the farther bank of the Jordan. In their case, of course, the danger from wandering bands of Arabs and Bedouins, who might assault and rob it, would be only slight. Moreover, there would be always some who would rather risk losing their lives by robbers than losing their souls by ceremonial defilement; for in Samaria there was always a danger of eating some food or

touching something which had been defiled by a Samaritan.

On Sunday this large band of country folk would arrive at the upper ford of the Jordan. There would be long strings of camels laden with tents and baggage, and asses for the women to ride, and amongst the pilgrims, no doubt, the mother of our Lord and a great many of His friends, who would welcome Him with His disciples as they met on the farther bank of the Jordan.

By Tuesday they would have passed southwards through Peræa, and on Wednesday morning would set forth to cross the Jordan at the lower ford, where the Baptist first baptized and where Elijah crossed ere he was carried up into heaven; where, too, Joshua and the hosts of Israel first entered the Land of Promise. Christ crossed with the band of pilgrims through the shallow but rapid stream, and then started with them to walk the ten miles to Jericho.

As they were on their way He began to tell them what was pressing deeply on His spirit; of His coming sufferings and death, which should be followed by His glorious Resurrection. In the midst of this He was suddenly

interrupted by the mother of Zebedee's children, absorbed in her own thoughts as she rode along on an ass by His side while He walked. She turned to Him, thinking He was, after all, going to come into an earthly kingdom, and tried to forestall the others by getting the first two places for her own sons.

The peculiar selfishness of this lies in the fact that, with an Eastern king, there were but two chief posts of honour. The mother knew well that S. Peter, S. James, and S. John had ever been together, and now she was seeking a pledge from Christ that would shut out S. Peter altogether. But she was not only selfish —this was perhaps natural; she was callous as well, oblivious of Christ and His sorrows, and thought only what advantages she could secure for her sons. We must not overlook the fact that, in spite of Salome's selfishness, she displayed here a wonderful faith in Christ's coming glory.

And so, with matchless gentleness and patience, Christ, whose soul was filled with the thoughts of His coming Passion, seems thus to have regarded it. He replied with Divine wisdom, and the disciples were filled with anger, not because there was such a heartless disregard

for Christ's sorrows, but indignation at the low and mean attempt of this mother to forestall their own places. The ten were just as selfish as the two; and such were the hearts amongst which Christ had to travel on His last journey along those ten miles to Jericho!

The rejected Messiah, who had been refused as the Manna come down from heaven by the Galilæans, came now to Judæa to give His flesh and blood for the life of the world; to fall into the ground and die that He might no longer be alone.

On this occasion He went openly up to the Feast, where He Himself was to be the true Paschal Lamb, led by His Father's Hand to Mount Moriah to be offered up, as Abraham had led his son Isaac; but in this case there was to be no ram as a substitute for the Divine Burnt Offering.

Nearing Jericho, we see the magnificent city stretched before us, protected by walls and flanked by four forts; all around it waved groves of feathery palms of all sorts, gardens of roses, oranges, dates, and pomegranates, and above all the sweet-scented balsam plantations which possibly gave to the city its name Jericho, the perfumed. These balsams

included the henna, or cypress-flower of the Canticles (Song of Solomon i. 14). As Christ entered the gates, He would meet a motley throng of the inhabitants, priests of the temple at Jerusalem, and of the heathen temples in Jericho, traders from all lands, robbers, fanatics, soldiers, courtiers, publicans, and the citizens of the place.

The city was built by Herod, and here he died; it was a favourite city of Cleopatra, full of heathen temples, containing a college for the students of the Greek mythology, a large circus near the gate where Christ entered, baths, theatres, and also every form of oriental vice.

You must picture this band of pilgrims passing through the main street of Jericho, and our Lord walking with them; you must see the women riding on asses and holding palms in their hands; you must hear the whole multitude chanting in an irregular manner the closing Psalms of David; and you must picture the streets filled with a curious crowd, much in the same manner as our streets are filled when a procession passes.

Our Lord would walk on that occasion under the very walls of the Temple of Jupiter,

which was in the main street that led up to Jerusalem. He never stopped in a city of the Greeks, and He never stayed a night, so far as we know, in a walled town. Thus He passed through to the western outskirts.

And here He was refreshed with two cups of cold water for His thirsty spirit, provided by God; for His meat and His drink was ever to do His Father's will. One was when the blind man, or men, cried, "**Son of David, have mercy upon me,**" and Christ rejoiced as He touched his eyes and gave him his sight. The other was found in a man in the crowd, Zacchæus, who, being too short to see over the heads of the people, was hiding in a sycamore-tree. Christ called him down and told him that He would that day abide in his house, in the western suburbs, in the house of a man who was known to be a sinner. The technical term "sinner" then meant a man who did not subscribe to the oral law of the Pharisees. This sinner was very like the Saviour in this, and Christ spent the night under his roof, to the no small scandal of His own followers. This was on Wednesday, before Passion week.

On Thursday morning they would rise

fairly early to pursue the toilsome journey to Jerusalem, an ascent of no less than 4,000 feet, which is a very arduous climb when it is travelled on foot along very dusty roads under the intense torrid heat of a burning sun. Only part of the distance, however, would be covered that day, for they probably rested, when half-way to Jerusalem, at what was known as the "Desert Inn," the only khan between Jericho and Jerusalem, which stood on the very spot where the Inn of the Good Samaritan now stands.

On their way there, the disciples had still in their minds the question of Christ's coming kingdom, and no doubt they had been debating that night as to who would have the best places, and whether S. James and S. John, after all, would get any advantage; and the debate continued the next morning. So our Lord, hearing them talk, began to tell them the parable of the Ten Pounds, showing that the coming of the kingdom of God and its glories would be delayed, that a long time must elapse before any one would get any place in the earthly kingdom. And, having said this, and doubtless tired of the ambitious spirits that seemed to surround Him, He

walked on ahead by Himself in front of the caravan.

As I have said, the khan is no longer known as the "Desert Inn," but the "Inn of the Good Samaritan," for this was the inn referred to in the parable to which the wounded traveller was brought by the Good Samaritan when his wounds were bound up.

At this inn I came across the "club" of the twenty-third Psalm—"**Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me,**" literally, "**Thy crook and Thy club, they comfort me.**" The psalm speaks of "**the valley of the shadow of death**"; but there is no "death" in the text. It is literally: "**Though I walk through the dark, rocky gorge, I will fear no evil, for . . . Thy crook**"—to pull me back—"**and Thy club**"—to kill the wild beasts—"**they comfort me.**" It is not a time of sorrow; it is a time of danger—the sheep fear evil.

I saw this shepherd's club, which in the Hebrew is called "shaybet"; it has a bulbous head studded with nails, and is made of oak from Bashan. When the shepherds became kings, as they did in Egypt, they took this "shaybet" with them on the throne, and the club has become the "sceptre" of kings ever

since. The word "sceptre" is akin to the the word "shaybet," and when King George V. was crowned in Westminster Abbey he was holding, to all intents and purposes, the club of the twenty-third Psalm.

On Friday morning, our Lord went on with the caravan until He reached the top of the steep ascent from Jericho. A mile this side of Jerusalem one arrives at the foot of the Mount of Olives, and the road to Jerusalem winds round the base of the mount to the left; but on the side of the hill He was approaching, stood the little grey village of Bethany, with its back to Jerusalem and its face towards Jericho.

Our Lord here took leave of His mother and disciples, and turned into the rugged lane that leads up the village. There He went to the house of Mary and Martha, which is shown as the fourth or fifth house up the road on the right-hand side. He entered here and spent the Friday night there quietly.

Now Friday night, we must remember, is the beginning of the Sabbath. The rest of the caravan would, therefore, have a very busy time. They went round the foot of the Mount of Olives, and then came in full view

BETHANY FROM THE JERICHO ROAD.

A. Reputed house of Simon the Leper. B. Reputed house of Mary and Martha. C. Reputed grave of Lazarus.

This is looking due west, and the Jericho road is seen winding away in front of the village to the left, to turn the Mount of Olives on its way to Jerusalem. To the right of the road, on the right of the picture, lies Bethphage. C is over the Mount of Olives, which rises higher to the right.

JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

This is a view looking west from Olivet (called at the Passover "the Galilæan hill"). Herod's Temple stood in the place of the Dome of the Rock, while Pilate's Judgment Hall lay to the right (behind the tree in the foreground). The site of the Last Supper and descent of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost is on Mount Zion, to the left of the small white dome near the sky-line.

of Jerusalem, with its glorious temple and its mighty grey walls. They would then turn along the Valley of Jehoshaphat to the slopes of the Mount of Olives, where was the encampment of the Galilæan pilgrims.

Jerusalem has space outside the walls for pilgrims on all its four sides. The north side was always bare at Easter, for that was the place where the Samaritans, who never came to the Feast, ought to have encamped; and here our Lord was crucified. It was the only place outside the city where He could be crucified at this Feast, without being in the middle of a vast throng of tents and caravans and the general bustle of a fair. The Galilæans encamped on the east; all those who came from the Plain of Sharon and Joppa on the west, and on the south of Jerusalem the whole of those from Judah and the southern parts of the land. None of them could go into the city, for it was already overflowing with people. On the north, however, as I have said, there was no encampment; and there our Lord was to be crucified.

The Galilæans reached the Mount of Olives about one or two o'clock, it may be, in the afternoon; and they had to get their tents

pitched; they had to get all their shopping for two days done in Jerusalem, and everything finished and clean and sett ed by six o'clock that evening, when a hush would fall upon the whole hillside as the Sabbath began.

That Sabbath, the ninth Nisan (March), was spent in seclusion by our Lord at Bethany, in the house of Martha and Mary, until the evening, when He accepted an invitation to go to supper to the house of Simon the leper—one, we presume, whom He had cleansed. The site of this house is shown at the top of the village, a very few steps, about 150 yards, from the house of Mary and Martha.

You must picture our Lord reclining at supper with His beloved friends in the house of the man who had been a leper. As He was at supper Mary produced an alabaster box containing ointment of great value, which was nothing less than pure "nard" which had been brought all the way from the Himalaya mountains in India. What really made its great expense was its rarity, and there is no doubt it came from the Far East. It was not the ordinary nard, that might be a counterfeit, but it was the pure, real, genuine thing; it was spikenard, which was only to be got from that

far-off district; and it was worth about £10. With this she anointed our Lord's feet.

Then Judas Iscariot, who first found fault with her—though the grumbling soon spread to the others, so soon does evil run through a crowd—suggested that the ointment might have been sold, and the money saved and given to the poor. Shortly after, disgusted with the waste of so much money on Christ, he went away to arrange to sell the Saviour for £3 10*s.* 8*d.*, or one-third of the price of the ointment which was being poured on Him by the heart that loved Him. The traitor arranged to sell his Master for the lowest price at which a slave could be bought in the market (Exod. xxi. 32), while Mary was anointing that Master's sacred feet with the most costly ointment.

We see Mary at the feet of Jesus three times, and it is instructive to consider them; once she is sitting, once lying, once standing. She *sits* at His feet as the disciple, and learns wonderful things; she *lies* at His feet as the sufferer, prostrate with grief, craving for sympathy and comfort—**"If Thou hadst been here my brother had not died"**; and she *stands* at His feet as the worshipper, anointing them

with ointment and wiping them with the hair of her head, in the deepest adoration. But love is always full of instinctive wisdom when it is intense, and her gift was infinitely greater than she knew.

We cannot always account for the motives of our acts, but if we are in touch with God we are sure to do the right thing at the right time; at any rate, there will surely be more in what we do than we have put into it, because God puts more into it. So greatly did God hallow Mary's devotion, that the heart of Christ interpreted it to be a solemn anointing against the day of His burial.

A crowd seems to have come in toward the end of supper, it being noised about that Lazarus, who was still a popular wonder in the village, was in the house of Simon the leper, and several thus found their way thither, in order that they might see this risen man.

The result was that the next day, Sunday, 10th Nisan (March 13), a day never to be forgotten, known to us as Palm Sunday, when our Lord set out to enter Jerusalem as king, great crowds were already thronging the road because of Lazarus, who had been raised from the dead. Many, no doubt, had flocked to

see Him, the Prophet who had raised the man from the dead, with whom they had been the previous night. These were joined by another great crowd coming out of Jerusalem and bearing palms, everywhere used at this season. Christ cleansed the temple on this Sunday and went out in the evening to Bethany.

On Monday, as he passed into Jerusalem a second time, He noticed a fig-tree, and He cursed it because there were no figs at the time, an emblem of His barren people Israel, and a marked object-lesson, such as our Lord was always giving. He then taught them in most wonderful words in the temple courts on the Monday, and returned in the evening to Bethany.

Tuesday is the day to which I wish to call attention. Tuesday, 12th Nisan (March 15), was the last day of Christ's mission to Israel, before the door was shut for ever, so far as His first coming was concerned. After which they never saw Him again. He comes into the city; He foretells His crucifixion again; He takes the penny and tells those who try to find fault with Him to render unto Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's;

He then utters His solemn sevenfold woes upon the Scribes and Pharisees; and, as He finishes pronouncing this awful judgment, He lifts up His eyes and sees the poor widow putting two pieces into the treasury. All these things, and many more, are crowded into our Lord's last day.

And then, as the rejected Messiah leaves the temple—you can picture the scene—you see Him pass into the valley through the "Golden Gate," which has been closed ever since. The tradition is that, when the Messiah again passes through that door the end of the world will come, and therefore it is said to be carefully filled up by the Turks, lest any one should enter.

He went out from the doomed city as Messiah for the last time, and turned His back upon His own temple, never to enter it again. He walked up the steep slopes of Olivet; and then He turned round, and, with one last heart-broken cry, exclaimed in agony:

"Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would

not. Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. For I say unto you, ye shall not see Me henceforth, till ye shall say, Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord!"

Unseen spiritual forces move about us still, eternal destinies are being decided in like manner, and we little know the issues of even apparently trivial and commonplace actions. On this day the door was closed on Israel for the last time; but Jesus never left His own little band, He loved them unto the end, and still had these chosen few to whom He could speak after His mission to Israel was closed.

So He gathered them around Him on Olivet, and taught them in chapter after chapter the wonderful things that would happen; and seemed loath to return to Bethany. He must have stayed hours over against the city, until at last, as the evening fell, He passed back to the village, never to cross Olivet again until He went forth to His death. All this happened on the Tuesday, 12th Nisan (or March 15), A.D. 29.

The Wednesday is also remarkable. On this day our Lord does not seem to have spoken or done anything, or moved out of the house; He seems to have rested during

these last quiet hours on earth, in the house of Mary and Martha, and spent the whole day there uneventfully after the tremendous work of the three days before. He stayed at Bethany, and the veil drops over Him until the Thursday. We believe, during that Wednesday, that the Pharisees and Scribes were plotting and making the final arrangements about those thirty pieces of silver. But our Lord was perfectly still; it was His last day of rest.

On Thursday morning, 14th Nisan (March 17), the disciples went before and prepared the Lord's last supper. Christ did not return into the temple; He went up into Mount Zion, where the last supper was held, and there, in an upper room, He sat with His friends utterly unknown to the people. Then, after supper and a long farewell talk, He passed down to Gethsemane, of the sorrows of which I will say nothing now.

There He was taken by the band of soldiers and kissed by Judas, (who betrayed Him), most probably on His hand. And then on Friday morning, about 6.30, Jesus was brought *bound* (S. Matt. xxvii. 2)[1] from Caiaphas the High-priest to Pilate.

[1] References are given here to each detail.

Before Caiaphas, He had plainly declared Himself to be the Son of God, which was rightly deemed by the Jews a blasphemy—*if not true*; and it was as judged worthy of death on this account that He was brought to Pilate (S. Matt. xxvii. 64). Before Caiaphas, too, we must remember Christ had already been cruelly treated. He had been spat on; His face had been covered up, and then He was struck with rods, and in mockery asked to prophesy who struck Him (S. Matt. xxvii. 67); S. Peter had denied Him with oaths, and now He was left entirely alone and forsaken (S. Matt. xxvii. 69).

It was on seeing this that Judas brought the thirty pieces of silver, paid for Christ's betrayal, back to the priests who had paid it to him (S. Matt. xxvii. 3) and went and hanged himself.

Jesus was accompanied by a dense crowd of chief priests and elders and common Jews (S. Mark xv. 1), and He passed in under the arches into the building generally known as the Prætorium (S. John xix. 28), a name which was specially given also to the common guard-room at the side of Pilate's judgment-hall. The Prætorium was a building

connected with the Tower of Antonia to the north of the temple area. The court was paved with reddish stones. The people stood without in the forum, or public square, which was in front of the Prætorium.

Pilate was seated on his judgment-chair. No Roman governor or general could pronounce judgment unless he was sitting on a judgment-seat; which, in its turn, must be placed upon the tessellated pavement. When the governors or generals travelled, they were obliged to carry the judgment-seat and a small strip of the tessellated pavement with them, for no judgment was valid without these two.

Pilate, then, was seated and Jesus stood with a Roman soldier to guard Him on each side, while without was all the raging mob, who, led by the chief priests, would not set foot in the hall lest they should be unable to keep the Passover; thus grasping the shadow, while crucifying the Substance, for *Christ is our Passover lamb* (S. John xviii. 28). Pilate rises and goes out to the mob and says, "**What accusation do ye bring against this Man?**" They said, "**If this Man were not an evildoer we should not have delivered Him up to thee.**" Pilate told them to take Him and

judge Him according to the Jews' law (S. John xviii. 36). They all replied that it was not lawful for them to put any one to death. The Jews carefully concealed from Pilate the proceedings before Caiaphas, and that Jesus was condemned to death for asserting that He was the Son of God, knowing that Pilate would not look on this as a sin. So Pilate returned to his judgment-seat and asked Jesus "**Art Thou the King of the Jews?**" (S. John xviii. 33). Jesus answered, "**Sayest thou this thing of thyself, or did others tell it thee of Me?**" Pilate replied, "**Am I a Jew? Thine own nation and the chief priests have delivered Thee unto me: what hast Thou done?**" Jesus answered, "**My kingdom is not of this world: if My kingdom were of this world, then would My servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews.**" Pilate said, "**Art Thou a King then?**" Jesus answered, "**Thou sayest it, because I am a King. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth.**" Pilate asked, "**What is truth?**" (S. John xviii. 38).

Pilate heard many other accusations from the Jews against Christ, to all of which Christ

answered not a word (S. Matt. xxvii. 12). And then, profoundly impressed, Pilate went once more to the mob outside and said, "**I find in Him no fault at all.**" But the Jews declared He stirred up the people as far away as Galilee (S. Luke xxiii. 5). When Pilate heard of Galilee he saw a way out, and, finding Jesus was a Galilæan, where Herod was king, sent Him away with a guard to Herod in Jerusalem. In a short time Christ returned, being sent back by Herod to Pilate, dressed in a splendid robe and without any sentence of death (S. Luke xxiii. 11).

So, after all, Pilate had to begin again; and once more he summons Christ's accusers before him. To make matters worse, a hasty messenger enters by the door and whispers a message to Pilate as he sits on his judgment-seat, from his wife, to have nothing to do with that just Man, because she had had a bad dream about Him (S. Matt. xxvii. 19).

Pilate then went out to the raging mob and said that, though they had brought Jesus, as having incited to sedition by forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar, he had examined Him, and for a second time finds nothing criminal in Him; no, nor yet Herod,

with whom, on this account, he had become friends (S. Luke xxiii. 12). He offered, therefore, to release Jesus. But the people, knowing he must release one at the Feast, cried out, "**Not this Man, but Barabbas!**" (S. Luke xxiii. 19).

One manuscript gives this seditious robber the name of "*Jesus* Barabbas." Pilate's question, therefore, ran, "Will you have Jesus (the true Son of the Father, Bar-Abbas), which is called *Christ, or* Jesus Bar-abbas (which means son of the father), the *false* Messiah who has made insurrection and murder?" (S. Matt. xxvii. 21). And with one consent they chose the devil's Jesus, the *false* son of the father, and refused the *true* Jesus, the Christ of God.

Pilate asked for water and solemnly washed his hands before the crowd and declared that he, as representing the Roman power, was guiltless of the blood of Christ (S. Matt. xxvii. 24).

Then arose from the mob that most awful cry, "**His blood be on us and on our children.**" After that, instead of freeing and protecting Christ, as he should have done, Pilate weakly yielded to the howling mob by ordering the release of Barabbas from prison; and then he ordered Jesus, though twice declared innocent,

to be scourged in the judgment-hall (S. Matt. xxvii. 26).

This was a most cruel punishment and was called "the intermediate death." Jesus was bound to one of the pillars, His shoulders were bared, and He was cruelly flogged (**"with His stripes we are healed"**). He was then led out of the hall into the soldiers' room. During this long trial these soldiers had been sitting about, some of them playing a game of chance on the floor (S. Matt. xxvii. 27), (the marks of which may be seen to-day in Jerusalem on the ancient floor of this supposed judgment-hall, which has been laid bare ten feet below the surface). In this common room Herod's robe and His own seamless clothing were dragged off Him, and He was dressed in a purple robe, while some of the soldiers quickly plaited a crown of the very sharp Palestine thorns for a mock diadem. A long reed was placed in His right hand, and the rough soldiers shouted, **"Hail, King of the Jews!"** At the same time they spat on Him, took the reed out of His hand, and beat Him with it on the head. All the time Christ never spoke. **"He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities"**

(S. Matt. xxvii. 30). They also struck Him on the face, and He resisted not.

At this time Pilate came into this small hall and leading Jesus out to the Jews through this archway, dressed in derision as a king (did *not* say in mockery, "**Behold your King!**" but it seems to me, in reverence) said, "**Behold the Man!**" or "Ecce homo!" (S. John xix. 5), which name the arch has borne ever since.

Jesus stood there as the mob yelled out, "**Crucify Him, crucify Him,**" and then for a third time Pilate said:—"**Take ye Him and crucify Him, for I find no fault in Him**" (S. John xix. 6). The Jews replied, "**He ought to die, for He made Himself Son of God.**"

Pilate, who all through seems to have wondered whether the claims of Christ were not true, got alarmed at this; and Jesus was once more brought back into this guard-room and the robe taken off and His own clothes put on Him (S. Matt. xxvii. 31); and Pilate asks Him, "Whence art Thou?" Jesus is silent. "**Speakest Thou not unto me?**" asks Pilate; "**knowest Thou not that I have power to crucify Thee, and have power to release Thee?**" Jesus answers, with sublime dignity,

"**Thou wouldest have no power against Me except it were given thee from above**" (S. John xix. 11); "**therefore, he** (Caiaphas and the Sanhedrin) **that delivered Me unto thee hath greater sin.**"

Pilate became more frightened and apparently convinced that Jesus *was* a King, and he sought again to release Him. But the Jews cried out that "**Everyone that maketh himself a king speaketh against Cæsar.**" Pilate then, in despair, led Jesus for the last time back into the judgment-hall, and, according to the ordinary version, sat down on the judgment-seat on the official Pavement, and said to the Jews standing outside, "**Behold your King!**" or "Ecce Rex!"

We must remember that, all this time, the Jews were too religious to come into the hall and so defile themselves; though quite capable of crucifying Christ.

There is, however, another version of this wonderful scene which is well worth noting here. It is that the words "**sat down in the judgement-seat**" (S. John xix. 13) should read actively, "**made** (Him) **to sit down** (*i.e.* Jesus) **in the judgement-seat.**"

The fact was that at this time the Roman

power badly wanted some Jewish king to take the place of the unsatisfactory rulers of the house of Herod, and Pilate, deeply impressed with the innocence, majesty, and kingly dignity of Jesus, brought Him forth as a last effort, and sat *Him* down in the seat of power as the Jewish King.

Whichever way it was, it was all futile. It was the hour of Satan and the powers of darkness, and the yells continued with a *new* cry, "Take Him away! take Him away!" or, "**Away with Him**" (as it were from off that seat, if indeed He were on it), "**and crucify Him!**" (S. John xix. 15), and prevailed exceedingly.

Pilate made one last effort, "**Shall I crucify your King?**" A question of tremendous power if indeed Jesus *were* at the time, as is quite possible, sitting for the moment on that judgment-seat of royal power! "**We have no king but Cæsar**" was the base reply; and Pilate at last yielded up the Victim he had thrice declared innocent and now declared, and on the cross, by the superscription, was their rightful King (S. Luke xix. 16). For, as soon as Jesus was delivered up, Pilate sat down to write what he afterwards refused to alter,

"Jesus of Nazareth the King of the Jews" (S. John xix. 19), and wrote it, I think, in earnest. Pilate calls Christ the King of the Jews three times; three times he declares He is innocent. He is afraid; then more afraid, and his wife is afraid. Only Christ in His innocence and the Jews in their sin are not afraid.

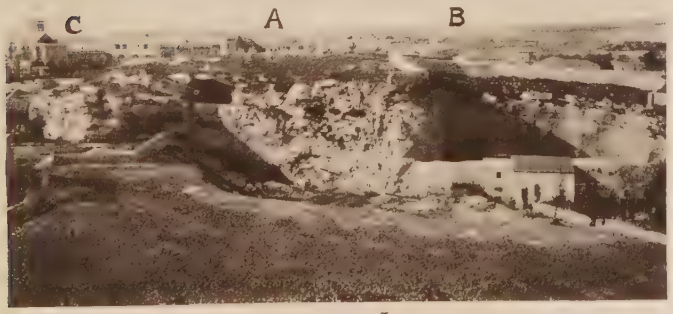
Thus ended in three hours the greatest travesty of justice and tragedy of undeserved cruelty the world has ever seen; and the Lamb dumb before His shearers was led forth to the slaughter!

Then He was taken to Calvary, a rounded, bare summit outside the Gate of Damascus, like a skull with two eyes in front of it. The two sockets are caves, one of them being an historical cave known as the Cave of Zechariah (for what reason I know not); these make the hill look exactly like a skull. And there, on Calvary, our Lord was crucified.

On Saturday, March 19, His body lay all the time in a tomb, carefully sealed and guarded by the watch, because warning had been given that He said He would rise again—He had made no secret of that. Every preparation was made, therefore, to prevent people from being misled

THE DAMASCUS GATE.

This gate, on the site of the one in Christ's time, is over 1,000 years old. It looks north, and is the beginning of the road to Samaria, Galilee, and Damascus; 100 yards in front of it lies Calvary, and this is believed to be the gate outside which Christ suffered. Through it He passed, bearing His cross. Later on S. Stephen and S. Paul passed through it: one to his death, the other to his conversion.



CALVARY, OUTSIDE JERUSALEM.

A is over the "green hill" itself. B is over Jeremiah's Grotto. C over the garden and garden tomb.

This is a view of Gordon's Calvary, looking due north. The form of the skull is not very well shown, but the socket of the right eye (between C and A) and the broken ridge of the nose are quite clear. The walls of the garden, and the white cliff under C where the garden tomb lies, are on the left.

by any false report. There was no question of any real resurrection in their minds.

Then we come to Sunday, March 20, that never-to-be-forgotten morning on which the real foundation-stone of the Christian faith was laid, in the Resurrection of Christ, for "**if Christ be not raised your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins.**" The Apostle does not separate death from the Resurrection: to deny the Resurrection is to have a faith that is vain, and to leave people in their sins; in fact, it is to take away the Saviour.

There is one fact that I should like to mention regarding the Resurrection—a fact I have never heard brought forward, which to my mind is stronger than any other proof outside Scripture. We are all familiar with the testimonies to the Resurrection in the Bible. Of course those have the primary place; but apart from them, what is the strongest proof that Christ rose from the dead?

The sacred day of the week to the Jews was Saturday. Ever since they have been a nation it has been so, and, so far as we know, that day was consecrated because it was the last day of the week, corresponding to the rest after the periods when God worked in

creation; and therefore Saturday, or the Sabbath, was the sacred and the holy day.

Now, nothing is more impossible than to change a day that has been separated for special use for thousands of years. The French Revolutionists thought they could do the impossible, and they tried to abolish the Sunday; but they failed. You cannot alter the rhythm of the week; it is an impossible thing to do. But when Christianity came in, the impossible was accomplished; the change was made.

There is no question but that the Lord died the day before the Sabbath; that was the Friday. It was a public event testified to by heathen and Christian alike. Christ died on the Friday. It was His wish, His dying wish, that His death should be continually commemorated, that bread should be taken to represent His body, that wine should be used to represent His blood, and that His flesh and blood should thus be taken in memory of His death, every week.

But throughout the world this sacred day on which this solemn command is universally obeyed is Sunday. Whereas, had Christ not risen, *Friday would be the Christian Sunday.* You must remember one does not commemorate

a thing except on the day it happened. Have we ever heard of anything being commemorated on the day upon which it did *not* happen? Could one have the Waterloo Dinner on July 1? Every one knew when our Lord's death happened, and therefore every one would know when it should be commemorated, and therefore all our sacred buildings should be used specially for worship on Friday, on which day the Sacrament, or Lord's Supper, should be taken. Are they?

No, we reply; we go to church and take the Sacrament on Sunday. Why Sunday? Nothing happened on Sunday if Christ did not rise. Is it not clear that the simple fact of Sunday being our sacred day is an argument that no one can gainsay? Why Sunday? There is no answer but one. No one could have changed the week and put the Christian's holy day on the basis of a doubtful legend, or because of anything to which the smallest doubt could possibly ever attach; even if attempted, it could not be done.

Why should we commemorate our Lord's sacred death (if He had died only) except on the day when it happened? Yet so we do. The wisdom of God is wiser than men, and He

has instituted in a way that no one has ever been able to alter for 2,000 years since, that the death of our Lord should be remembered, not on the day it happened, but on the morning of His Resurrection. So that the two things God has joined together no human hand should ever be able to put asunder. Christ rose on the Sunday, for if He did not the sacred day could only be on Friday.

Now let me pass on to ask what have these things to do with us? First of all, the Resurrection proves Christ to be the Son of God with power. That at once sweeps away not only old forms of teaching which deny His Godhead while asserting His humanity, but the more mystic forms which are found floating all about London to-day, which give an exalted humanism to our Lord, but absolutely deny the categorical assertion that He was proclaimed to be the Son of God by His Resurrection from the dead.

The next point is that His resurrection proves that the work He did on Calvary had been accepted by God. Let me put a case. A very old illustration this, I know, but perhaps it is better than a good many newer ones, so I venture to use it,

Supposing I am in prison for debt, and a dear friend of mine, who shall be the Christ in the application of the story, takes my place in prison and says, "I will take your debt upon me and remain in prison; you can go out." I am free; but my debt is not paid, because if it were paid nobody would need to be in prison at all. As long as our Lord was in the prison-house of death there was no security or proof that what I owe was paid. Suppose that, when walking down a street, I met my friend, who had been shut up in the debtors' prison, what does that show me? The moment I see him free, I know that my debt is paid.

Taking the responsibility of my debt put him in prison; but he gets out of it by paying it in full; and when I see him free, I know that I am free indeed. We are justified because Christ has risen, not because He died. One cannot, of course, separate the one event from the other. What sinners owe to God is their forfeited lives, but Christ in giving His, paid our forfeit or debt to God. There is no doubt that Christ died for us, but the proof that the sacrifice was sufficient with God is found, not in the death, but in the

Resurrection of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

I shall never forget the story of a fox-hunter in Ireland who cared for none of these things, and whose dearly beloved young wife died after two days' illness. His heart was broken, he followed her to the grave, and 1 Cor. xv. was read over her remains. For six weeks that man, whether wet or fine, sat on her grave meditating about her, and reading over the last words of Scripture he had heard, which were stamped upon his memory. He kept repeating them and muttering them to himself, as he sat on the grave for all that time.

At last one day, as he was reading these words over, "**If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins,**" "Yes," he said, "that's true; I know I'm in my sins." Then he went on in his little Testament, "**But now is Christ risen,**" and as he read these words he jumped up from the tomb and said, "Why, then, I must be out of my sins!"

He thanked God that His Spirit had illuminated his soul with the real meaning of that sentence, showing him, like a flash, that

if Christ had not been raised he was in his sins, but if Christ were raised, and he believed it, he was out of his sins, and from that day he became an earnest Christian man.

My last word is this, and I don't think we have referred to it yet:

"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affections upon things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God."

You see that garden with the opened tomb, you see Calvary hard by, you see that Man standing in that garden—do you know who He is? It is you yourself who are standing there. **"If ye then be risen with Christ,"** or, in other words, "since ye then are risen with Christ," or, if you like to look at Ephesians ii. 5: **"When we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ."**

If Christ stood in that garden, I stand there. I am a man living in London, but I am also a Christian man, and as such I am risen with Christ, or I am not a Christian man at all. The only meaning of a Christian is a man who is living in the power of that

new resurrection life, standing, as Christ did, in that garden, with all my sorrows, all my sins behind my back, as they were behind Christ's back; and all His joy and all His happiness and all His glorious future before my face.

So that every step is a step into the shining light that shineth more and more—the older I grow, the nearer I get to it—until the perfect day. Christ was there, and there am I. We see our fortunes are inseparably bound up together. If Christ stood in the garden and looked out upon that scene, so do I. "**Ye are risen,**" the Lord says, and not only so, but goes on to say, and ye are made to "**sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus; that in the ages to come He might show the exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness toward us through Christ Jesus.**"

NINTH PICTURE

THE TWO GARDENS OF GETHSEMANE AND THE RESURRECTION

THE Garden of Gethsemane lies on the eastern bank of the brook Kedron, at the foot of the Mount of Olives; at any rate, such is the spot pointed out as its site at the present day, with much reason, as we see from the allusions to it in S. Luke xxi. 37, S. John xviii. 1, etc.

It seems exceedingly probable that it was a regular place for prayer to which Christ was wont to resort when in Jerusalem, and it is quite possible that the Lord's Prayer was given here to the disciples: S. Luke xi. 1–13.

It must be remembered that, at the time of our Lord, there was no privacy to be found in a stranger's house, where there was only one common guest-chamber open to all; such a place as Gethsemane was, therefore, a necessity for private prayer, and from S. John xviii. 2 we learn it was a well-known spot. It was probably

an olive-garden in which stood an oil-press. Gethsemane, indeed, has this meaning.

In the present day eight enormous stumps of old olive-trees from nine to ten feet high with vigorous young shoots sprouting out from them mark the spot. We know that Vespasian and Titus cut down all the trees in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, but it is of course possible that these old stumps might have been left; at any rate, from their enormous girth and extreme age, they might very well go back to the time of Christ.

It was here, after they had sung a hymn in the Cœnaculum on Mount Zion, that Christ and His disciples crossed over to Mount Moriah; (by that high bridge over the Tyropœon Valley, dating probably from the days of Solomon, **"the ascent by which he went up to the House of the Lord"** that had so amazed the Queen of Sheba;) then, crossing the city and probably leaving it by the Gate of S. Stephen just above the Golden Gate, Christ descended into the valley, crossed the brook with His eleven companions, and entered the well-known garden.

He left eight of His disciples not far from the entrance, and, taking with Him the chosen

GETHSEMANE AND OLIVET.

This is a nearer view of the Garden at the foot of Olivet. The road to the left over the Mount of Olives is that by which David fled from Absalom. The road over Olivet to the right leads to Bethany and the place of the Ascension, while the road in front is the Jericho road traversed on Palm Sunday.

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE AND THE TEMPLE WALL.

Here (by the man) is seen one of the olive-stumps supposed to date from the time of Christ. Another (like it) lies just beyond the left of the picture, and is supposed to be the scene of the Agony. The Golden Gate of the Temple is seen just under the tower on the city wall.

three, S. Peter, S. James, and S. John, He went on a little farther, and then, leaving even these three behind, He prostrated Himself at the foot of one of these trees, while before His soul there passed, in all its reality, the price He was about to pay for the redemption of the world.

We note, with deepest reverence, that the supreme agony of our Saviour's life seems to have been here. There was no doubt that even physical exhaustion had now reached its highest point, and that therefore "**there appeared unto Him an angel from heaven strengthening Him.**" This, however, only enabled Him to suffer more, and, "**being in an agony, He prayed more earnestly, and His sweat became as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground.**" Yet His fear was not merely the fear of the death that lay before Him, nor was it the fear of dying there and then; for there can be no doubt that the great agony before His soul was the prospect of being forsaken by His God as the Sin-bearer of the world.

We note in awed wonder, our shoes from off our feet, the three stages of our Lord's submission to the Divine will. The first request is for

the entire removal of the cup, the second is that He may be strengthened in order to take it, and the third is the absolute acceptance of it from the Father's hand.

One of our great painters, some time ago, painted a tragic picture of Eve, the mother of all living, who, turned out of Eden and looking with despair over a ruined world, stands sinking beneath her condemnation and her shame. A friend of mine was asked to give a title to this picture, and he named it "Until Gethsemane." I asked why not "Until Calvary?" but as I asked, it flashed upon me that the title given was the right one, for it was in Gethsemane indeed that the load was transferred from a ruined world to the shoulders of the Sin-bearer, and accepted by Him as the cup which His Father had given Him to drink.

Much has been said about the callous apathy of Christ's three chosen followers in sleeping at a time like this, but it seems to me, from a study of similar occasions when they were brought into the overwhelming glory of the Divine Presence, such as on the Mount of Transfiguration, and from the records of other saints of God to whom visions of the Divine Presence have been vouchsafed, that the human frame

becomes absolutely overpowered at such moments so as to be plunged into a stupor more or less profound, and indeed to be overcome with sleep, not on account of bodily fatigue, but because of the overwhelming nature of the Divine Vision and Presence.

Such, then, was Gethsemane, down in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, Jehovah's judgment-place; which was indeed, on this occasion, the momentous "**valley of decision**" (Joel iii. 14).

We now turn to the Garden of the Resurrection, and here we enter at once the region of the hottest controversy.

Since the days of Queen Helena, some 300 years after Christ, but never before that date, this garden has been placed within the Church of the Holy Sepulchre which is situated in the midst of Jerusalem. We know from Scripture that the garden was "**in the place where He was crucified,**" and if we can determine the place of the crucifixion that of the garden is also settled.

With regard to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, it is of course hallowed by the traditions of some 1600 years; but these were not years of critical investigation nor of exact research, neither was it esteemed then a matter

of great moment as to whether the site were the true one or not, as it was sufficient in those days for it to have been pronounced so by the Church; for ecclesiastical tradition then ruled the minds of men who had not as yet learned to think for themselves.

Since then, however, for many years past, and especially in these days, when everything is shaken and every tradition is questioned, and must be able to hold its own beneath the searchlight of modern criticism, the site of the Holy Sepulchre has not escaped, and the more it is looked into the less likely does the ecclesiastical site appear to have been the place where our Lord was buried.

It is certainly now well within the city, though Jerusalem is very much smaller than it was in the days of Christ, and especially on this western side. The second wall of the city that surrounded it in the days of Christ is described by Josephus as an encircling wall going right round to the Damascus Gate; if this were so the site, even in those days, would have been included well within the city. It is only by the device of making it a re-entering wall of "V" shape, descending into the Tyropœon Valley and mounting up again instead

of surrounding the head of it as described, that it is possible to bring the present site even a few feet outside it. That no wall was ever so built is clear to common sense, for it would have been no protection to the city, whereas by encircling it across the head of the valley as Josephus describes it, it would have been on high ground all along.

The defenders of this spot had their hopes raised again a short time ago by the discovery of the remains of an old wall on the city side of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre ; but this, which makes Jerusalem a much smaller town than it is at present, has been shown by archæologists not to have been a wall of Herod's time, but a wall built round Ælia Capitolina, the small town which, after the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, replaced it on the top of the hill.

No explanation, moreover, was given by this site of the name Calvary or Golgotha, the latter being the Aramaic and the former the Latinised form for "skull." In the Hebrew the same word is used for the skull of Jezebel which was found in the streets of Jezreel after the dogs had devoured her body.

The explanation that the word referred to

Calvary a place of unburied bones and skulls is untenable. In the first place, the word used should not be "skull," but "skulls"; and in the second place, it is inconceivable that human remains would lie about in the immediate neighbourhood of the magnificent capital. Another theory is that it referred in some obscure way to Adam; but this may be dismissed without further comment.

Now there is, as is well known, just outside the Damascus Gate of the wall of the city, which occupied, as is generally admitted, the site of the old wall and gate in Christ's time, a small, rounded elevation, hardly perhaps to be called a hill, one hundred yards outside the gate, known as Gordon's Calvary. Over forty years ago it was pointed out by Mr. Howe as having a remarkable likeness to a skull. This, as seen from the top of the Casa Nova, a Franciscan monastery in Jerusalem, or from the Church Schools to the east of the Damascus Gate within the walls, is almost startling in its likeness.

The rounded dome of the skull, now a Mohammedan graveyard, the sockets for the two eyes and the broken ridge of the nose, can all clearly be made out, and that they were

there in the time of Christ pretty much as they are now seems at least probable, when we find that one of the grottos in the rock is that of Jeremiah, where tradition says, he wrote the Book of Lamentations.

A further consideration seems to make it certain that this was the place of public execution in the time of Christ. Just behind it stands the Dominican Church of S. Stephen, and the monks there have no doubt, from the remains and discoveries in the neighbourhood, that the first martyr was stoned to death at the foot of this hill; and with stones, there seems little doubt, taken from the broken ridge or quarry which appears to form the nasal bones of the "skull." Tradition says that Jews passing this spot for ages have said "Cursed be he that destroyed our nation by seeking to be king thereof." Whether this be true or not, there can be no doubt that it is still commonly called "The Place of Stoning." Now it is exceedingly improbable that there would be two places of execution in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem.

I have pointed out that, before the time of Queen Helena, the Holy Sepulchre was unknown; and it is a remarkable fact that,

although before her time many pilgrimages are recorded to the summit of Olivet as the place of the Ascension (which clearly it was not), none are ever mentioned to the Holy Sepulchre.

It is clear from the Gospel narrative that the place of the crucifixion was near a great thoroughfare; but on the west there is no such road, while by the side of Gordon's Calvary runs the great road to Damascus.

Here, also, in the place where He was crucified is now a (modern) garden and an ancient tomb.

There are other considerations which mark this as being the scene of the crucifixion. At the time of the Passover there were an enormous number of people gathered to Jerusalem in addition to the ordinary population; these were encamped all around the city in fixed spots, the slopes of Olivet, as I have already said, being always assigned to the Galilæans, hence it was called at the time the Galilæan Hill; the Hill of Evil Counsel, to the south of the Valley of Hinnom, was for the children of Judah; the western suburbs were filled with the people from the Plain of Sharon and the sea-coast; the north, where Gordon's Calvary

stands, was always reserved for the Samaritans, but, inasmuch as they never came to the Feast, having their own on Mount Gerizim, this part was always bare and desolate, while the other three sides of the city were crowded with tents and baggage and animals of all descriptions, like a large fair. The northern side was not only thus about the only place where an execution could take place at this crowded season, but its situation is also in accordance with the requirements of Leviticus, which say that the sacrifice is to be offered on the north side of the altar.

While, however, we attach great importance to this being the actual place of crucifixion, one is by no means so certain that the tomb which is now shown is that of our Lord. All one can say is that it may be so, and that it certainly fulfils the requirements of Scripture; but, if another tomb in the neighbourhood is discovered, one is quite willing to surrender its claims.

The real value of this site lies in the fact that it is still as it was, not only outside the city walls, but, as described in Scripture, outside the gate, evidently meaning the principal gate of the city, which the Gate of Damascus

is, and ever was. Moreover, in the providence of God, the whole is absolutely bare, and will never be built upon, being a Mohammedan cemetery, while the small garden, which is being restored on its western side, containing the rock-hewn tomb, even if it be not in the same spot, must present very much the same appearance as it did on the day that Christ was crucified.

One is therefore, by these means, enabled to reproduce a picture of the scene as it occurred, in a way that is possible in no other place.

It is not, however, with regard to the Crucifixion that I now write. Our attention is particularly drawn to the garden by the side of Calvary. Here, on that first Lord's Day morning, a woman, Mary Magdalene, together with Mary the mother of James, Salome, and Johanna, came very early to the sepulchre with a most extraordinary object in view. She brought with her spices and various ointments used for embalming the dead, and, outrageous as the idea must seem to us, she intended to show her love and devotion to her lost Saviour by embalming the beloved body! Her difficulty, and that of those who accompanied her, was

THE GARDEN TOMB.

This is a view from the Calvary garden of the "new tomb." Calvary lies near the little hill 50 yards to the right. The small window gives a view of the supposed tomb of Christ in the inner chamber, and it is supposed that S. John looked in here. The entrance has a groove in front, but there is no rolling-stone. The tomb looks towards Jerusalem, and lies 100 yards in front of the Damascus Gate.

A ROLLING-STONE OUTSIDE A ROCK-TOMB.

This photo, taken by flashlight, shows well (on the left) the large rolling-stone in its groove, ready to be rolled across the mouth of the tomb of Helena, Queen of the Adiabene, in the "Tombs of the Kings," half a mile north of Jerusalem. It is believed to be the only rolling-stone in its original position in Palestine.

how the heavy millstone was to be rolled away from the door of the sepulchre.

I may mention here, again, that there is now but one such stone in its place in the Holy Land; it is found in the so-called Tombs of the Kings, that lies a short distance to the north of Gordon's Calvary, and is believed to be the tomb of Helena, Queen of the Adiabene.

She lived in the time of Agabus, who is mentioned in Acts xi. 28, and who prophesied a famine that was to come over the whole land. She, believing his words, made extensive preparations, and brought such an amount of corn to Jerusalem that she fed a large number of people during the famine, "**which came to pass in the days of Claudius.**"

In this tomb, inside the majestic entrance cut in the rock, there is a trap-door in the floor of the vestibule, and, on descending, one is face to face with a large rolling-stone, over 6 feet in diameter, and at least 1 foot thick, which is fixed in its place before the door of the tomb by a cross-bar of stone that runs in a slot behind it; there is also a stone door on a pivot, and the whole is well worthy of close inspection.

When the women reached the sepulchre, the anticipated difficulty, as so often occurs in similar conditions with ourselves, was found to be wholly imaginary and have no real existence for the stone was rolled away in order that they might look in and see that Christ was no longer there.

Their minds, however, appear to have been so darkened by unbelief that no conception of His having risen again seems to have occurred to them. But Mary Magdalene, swift of foot, ran to those whom she well knew were most with her Master—S. Peter and S. John—and told them of her discovery. The other three women went to the rest of the Apostles, but **"their words seemed to them as idle tales, and they believed them not."**

S. Peter and S. John, however, roused by Mary's earnestness, ran to the sepulchre and took three looks at the grave. These three "looks" very well illustrate the three classes of vision of which we are all capable, each class being expressed in Greek by a different word.

The Apostle S. John, arriving first, looks with mere physical vision into the tomb, and sees the burial-clothes lying there without the body. S. Peter, then following, looks

(another word) with mental vision, and observes how the clothes lie—those wrapped round the body in one place, and the napkin which was round the head in another, the whole apparently being undisturbed; the only difference was that the body they once enfolded had vanished. S. John then takes a further look with the eyes of the spirit, and, spiritual insight putting these facts together, divines the truth that Jesus Christ is risen indeed. It is said that He believed; but, though the first to believe and to know the truth, he appears to have been one of the last to have seen the risen Lord.

One would have thought that the one who lay on Christ's bosom at supper would have been the first to see Him when He rose again from the dead, but such was not the case; he returned again with S. Peter to his own home, and does not appear even to have told the other Apostles. There is, however, a beautiful reason for this apparent lack of interest on behalf of the beloved Apostle. We must remember that our Lord, in His dying moments, committed His mother to his charge, and "**that disciple took her away to his own home.**" What, then, more natural and right than that S. John, learning the glorious truth, should first go home to share his

joy with the Virgin Mary? Nevertheless, however beautiful the reason, he missed the greatest honour, of being the first to see the risen Lord!

Meanwhile Mary Magdalene, out of whom seven devils had been cast, loving much because she had been much forgiven, stood without at the sepulchre weeping. There can be no doubt that she was foolish: first of all, because she had it in her mind to embalm the Lord of glory, and, secondly, because, knowing the grave was empty, she still looked down and wept into it. But some foolish ones have very warm hearts; and this sepulchre, empty as it was, was the dearest spot on earth to her. **"Where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me and more also if ought but death part me and thee,"** was the language of her heart.

It is love that Christ rewards, and not the knowledge of the head, however great, or the intelligence of belief, however clear; the wise disciple, who had discovered the truth, returned to his own home, as we have seen, probably for a very good and unselfish reason; nevertheless, the fool from whom the truth was as yet hidden was rooted by her heart-love

to the sacred tomb; and to her the risen Lord was first revealed.

It is amazing that such an unparalleled honour should be bestowed, not on any member of the chosen apostolic band, though they loved Christ, but upon a poor woman who was a sinner but whose love was her life. From this we may learn the truth that we often overlook, that love has no peer; for when faith and hope have ceased, then love abides alone. Here faith and hope had both fled, but this supreme quality brought a reward that shows the Divine estimate of its value.

We note, also, that love knows no difficulties. This poor woman, speaking as she thought to the gardener, and suspecting (as Dr. Watson beautifully suggests) that he had already taken her Lord from the rich rock-tomb to some obscure corner, asks to be shown it that she (a poor Galilæan stranger) might take Him away and bury Him more worthily. And then her heart stands still in an ecstasy of joy as she hears her name from those loved lips once more, "**Mary.**"

This is the morning scene, referred to in S. Mark xvi. 9, when Jesus appeared first to Mary Magdalene, out of whom He had cast

seven devils; and the next to whom He appeared were two obscure individuals who were walking away from Jerusalem into the country on the same afternoon.[1]

It is true that there was an intermediate appearance, of which we have no details, to Simon Peter; but this was a necessity, for he whose last act before his Saviour's death had been to deny his Master to His enemies, must have the kiss of reconciliation and the seal of forgiveness given to him in secret, before Christ presented Himself to the apostolic band.

In the sense of which we are now speaking it is true, therefore, that after Mary Magdalene, the next to whom Christ revealed Himself were the two going to Emmaus, and it is not a little remarkable to find that these also were fools. We know they were such because Christ calls them so Himself: "**O fools and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken**"; and then, beginning from Moses and all the prophets, "**He expounded to them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself.**" When the two reached

[1] The appearance to the women immediately after that to Mary Magdalene is evidently taken as a further part of the same interview.

their house they managed to constrain Christ to abide with them; and in the breaking of bread they knew Him, and He vanished out of their sight.

We pause here for one moment to consider the wonderful contrast between the painful position our Lord occupies when He stands outside the closed door of our hearts (Rev. iii) and knocks, often in vain, for admission, and the scene before us where the door is open and the owners of the house gladly and eagerly press the Lord to enter.

The wonderful thing we notice about the disciples, which they appear to have felt most, however, was not the truth to which they had been listening as Christ opened to them the Scriptures—for I fear, had we examined them upon the discourse, we should have got but a garbled account—but the burning of their hearts. This began that revelation of the Master, that was completed at the breaking of the bread.

Here, again, love is conqueror; and the amazing truth stands recorded in Holy Writ, that not to His apostolic band of chosen apostles, not to the leading disciples who followed Him throughout His earthly career,

but to three poor fools with burning hearts did Christ first reveal Himself.

One may here point out that, at His first coming into the world as the babe at Bethlehem, three (?) wise men were the first to see and adore Him; at His second coming into the world on the first day of the week as the risen Son of God the first to see and adore Him were three "fools."

I know well that such a condition is at a great discount to-day; for in our religion, above all things, there must be no excitement, there must be no feeling, there must be no sentiment, there must be no emotion. We are very much in the condition we find in our own houses. We see perhaps in the sitting-room, and certainly in the kitchen, a fire; it is carefully kept in a grate behind iron bars which it cannot consume, it is surrounded with tiled hearth and iron walls, it is zealously guarded by a fender, lest it should extend into the chamber, and everything is done to prevent it from spreading into the house, which would indeed be a catastrophe.

This is a picture of many a Christian; somewhere, in some compartment of his being, there is undoubtedly a small fire burning; it

is, however, kept strictly hidden away, and though it may never go out, it does very little to warm the man, and certainly cannot be detected from his exterior; no one may know of it but himself, and we shall be astonished when we get to heaven to find how many have had the sacred flame in their heart whom we never recognised as Christians upon earth.

This is no type of our poor foolish ones; this is no picture of what God would have us be. There was once a sight revealed to Moses at the back side of the desert which he turned aside to see; it was a bush, worthless in itself, but glorious with fire in every part, which, though it pervaded it entirely, left it unconsumed.

God would have us on fire with love in every part of our being, in every compartment of our lives: not only the religious and theological side which is paraded on the Sunday, but the business life, the social life, the domestic life, the pleasure life, all and every part of us equally glowing with Divine love. This, and this alone, satisfies the heart of God; this, and this alone, is what Christ would have us be, and these, and these

alone, are those to whom Christ first reveals Himself.

There is one more word respecting this magic garden where Mary first saw her Lord to which I would refer before I finish this small picture. We have thought and spoken a good deal about ourselves, and of Christ's reward to a loving heart; but we have, as yet, said no word about the Master Himself.

Stand, then, for one moment in this Garden of Resurrection, where Christ stood before He ascended to His Father; see what He saw; and try and picture the thoughts of His heart upon the morning of that first day of the week when He rose from the dead by the glory of the Father.

There He stands; behind Him the opened and empty grave; on a little eminence to His left, in all probability still standing, the three crosses where only a few hours before three bodies hung. On the centre one He had paid the mighty debt of sin, while from that other cross, still standing yonder, He had taken a poor sinner to Paradise. In front of Him lay, in all its golden splendour, the great city that had refused Him; there was the judgment-hall whose unrighteous

sentence had crucified Him; there was the glorious temple whose priests and rabbis had reviled Him; farther below, to the left, lay the Garden of the Agony where He had taken the cup from His Father's hand, which He now had drained to the very dregs. All was finished; all was past; death, darkness and despair. He had borne the sin of the world in the sacrifice of Himself; "**He who knew no sin**" had been "**made sin for us**"; but, now risen from the dead, all was behind Him, all was past, all was over, all was consummated.

Some of us may perhaps be able to recall a time in our lives when we stood on the right side of a great catastrophe. Behind us lay some appalling tragedy which has now passed out of our lives for ever, while nothing but happiness and joy and glory lay before us. It was so on this memorable morning.

What must have been the thoughts of Christ when He contemplated that mighty fact, that He had glorified the Father and finished His work, and that all that now remained was by the power of His Spirit to gather together "**out of every tongue and people and nation**" His beloved Church to form His body and His

bride; when He was about to ascend to the right hand of the Majesty on high, there to wait until the supreme moment when He should "**see of the fruit of the travail of His soul and be satisfied**"!

It is something in this selfish age to think of any one but ourselves, for even Christians seem wrapped up in their own blessings and in what they can enjoy. Here, however, we contemplate what this morning meant to Christ; and I would ask my readers to dwell at leisure on such thoughts as I have suggested, and others that might present themselves, as they picture Christ standing by the side of Calvary in this Garden of the Resurrection in a new and risen life.

The subject, moreover, has a still further interest, for "**as He is, so are we in this world,**" and if we have life towards God it is the same resurrection life that Christ thus possessed; for us too, as for Him, death and destruction are all behind our backs, for in His death we have died, in His Resurrection we are risen; so that, although we had no share in the Divine sufferings, we share His triumphs to all eternity.

There was one time in His life when Christ

had to be entirely alone, and that was when He fell into the ground and died; but having died, yea, rather, and having risen again, He will never more be alone to all eternity, but for ever in the midst of an increasing and rejoicing and adoring company, will lead their praises to God.

TENTH PICTURE

JERUSALEM THE HOLY CITY, AND THE APOSTLES' CREED

We are exhorted by the Psalmist to "**walk about Zion and go round about her, tell the towers thereof, mark well her bulwarks, consider her palaces, that ye may tell it to the generation following**"; and in this our last picture of the Holy Land we cannot do better than follow the advice of the sweet singer of Israel, who in the same psalm describes Jerusalem as "**the city of our God in the mountain of His holiness; beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, the city of the great King.**"

It is indeed impossible to see Jerusalem unmoved; and even now in the days of her ruin—or what is perhaps worse than ruin, her hideous increasing modern prosperity—there is still no city like Zion, which is in itself the history of heaven and earth, and grips the heart as does no other city in the world.

First of all, then, our best course will be to walk round her walls, examine her bulwarks, and then, when we have surveyed her from outside, enter her gates and regard the city as a whole from within.

We commence conveniently by the road leading up from the bridge that crosses the western extremity of the Valley of Hinnom. On this bridge, by the Lower Pool of Gihon, stands a fountain, and up and down this steep incline leading to the Jaffa Gate are two streams of water-carriers, the one coming down with empty water-skins of all shapes and sizes to be filled at this fountain, the other returning, carrying on their shoulders, filled with water, the hideous bloated forms of various animals, dripping as they go.

This fountain is supplied from the Pools of Solomon eight miles away in the Judæan hills, by means of conduits, partially built by Solomon, partially by Nehemiah, partially by Herod, partially by the Crusaders, and last of all repaired by our own Royal Engineers.

As we stand on this bridge, facing Jerusalem which lies to the north, and with the valley of Hinnom running due east, we see towering some 150 feet above us the corner of Zion with

an English Cemetery on the waste land, where once ran the ancient city wall, far above the dark Hinnom Valley, all along the southern edge of Zion until it reached the Valley of Jehoshaphat at its extreme end. The wall to-day begins some 200 yards ahead of us up the road, and encloses now less than half of the hill of Zion. All this southern portion that lies before us is now outside the city wall, and some of it is actually to this day a ploughed field, where once the marble palaces of the proudest nobles of Jerusalem stood.

We pass up the road, the Valley of Gihon on our left and the grey walls and towers of Jerusalem on our right, until outside the Jaffa Gate we reach the level of Jerusalem some 2,500 feet above the Mediterranean Sea. Outside this gate, which is the chief entrance for trade and for pilgrims into the Holy City, is the market, the exchange, the club, the law-court, the playhouse, the Parliament, of people who despise a roof and prefer to eat and drink, to buy and sell, to pray and wash in the open air.

Here all sorts of small articles may be seen and bought; there are dozens of small victorias with lean arab horses waiting for hire; booths of all sorts for pleasure, and trade; husbandmen

standing about and waiting for a job, whose wages may still be one penny a day, who are largely employed by the Greek monks who own most of the vineyards and oliveyards around Jerusalem. These husbandmen are very patient, Moslems by profession, but of the original Canaanite stock by descent.

All centuries and nations seem gathered in this open court without and within the Jaffa Gate; a turbaned Turk, a naked Nubian, a shaven Carmelite, a Circassian chief, a Jew in his velvet and fur, a group of tourists, some French sailors, a robed Armenian, and a Greek "papa." The man in white linen with an inkhorn is a public scribe, such a one as has sat in this gate ever since the days of David, who likened his own tongue to the pen of this ready writer. Here is pottery made of native clay and spun on the wheel in "the potters' field"—this domestic earthenware is probably as old in design as the age of Ruth; here are rude clay cups bevelled at the side, still called "virgins' lamps," similar to those trimmed by the ten in the parable; and they are still fed with sweet olive-oil and carried by girls.

Here you hear the cry of the water-carrier as of old—**"Ho! every one that thirsteth";**

the beggar asking alms is by your side; blind Bartimeus sits in the gateway; and you may touch the stump of the finger of a leper held out to you for alms.

Turning to the west, the wall disappears in the large suburb of the new Jerusalem, which is rapidly spreading with amazing buildings of hewn stone and broad streets, and already covers more ground than the ancient city. Of it we need not speak here, but point out that the large gate on our right, entering the old Jerusalem from the new, occupies somewhat the position of Gennath, mentioned by Josephus.

The houses outside the wall are now so close to it that we do not see it again until we round the northern face of the city, and thus reach the Damascus Gate. As the Jaffa Gate is the entrance for all commerce, so this Damascus Gate from all time has been the entrance for pomp and ceremony; it is also the gate of execution, under which in all ages malefactors have been led forth to death.

Pass now inside under the arch of this gate and look carefully just above the ground in the darkened inner wall, and you will see the keystone of the upper part of the arch of the

ancient gateway of the time of Christ, the Jerusalem of that day being some 15 feet lower here than it is at present. The gate and walls that we see now are above a thousand years old, but that arch built in the wall that we can just discern is probably two thousand years old or more.

Underneath it, in the spring of A.D. 29, on the great day of the Passover Feast, had you stood by the side of the road you would have seen walking, preceded by a howling mob, surrounded and followed by Roman soldiers, the Paschal Lamb of God bearing His cross—the wood for the burnt-offering.

Later on, beneath its portals, passed the first martyr, Stephen, to be stoned with stones from Calvary's hill, outside this city gate. A few years after, a proud band of soldiers made this arch ring as they rode out of the city on their way to Damascus, their captain being Saul of Tarsus, the persecutor of the Church of God, afterwards to be known throughout all ages as Paul, the great Apostle of the Gentiles.

Standing outside the city, with this gate on our right, Calvary lies across the road upon our left, with the garden and the new tomb.

A little farther along, in the rock beneath the city wall, is the black opening of a large cave. These are the quarries of Solomon, and, entering here, we can pass some half-mile beneath the city into the very heart of Mount Moriah, whence was quarried by the masons of Hiram, king of Tyre, that wonderful white stone that shone like marble, of which Solomon's temple was built. We can still see some stones left there, partially cut out of the rock, while the whole ground is covered with the masons' chips, for there was no sound of hammer or chisel above ground while the building was being erected.

We now pass by a small gate in the wall, called Herod's Gate, as we travel due east, gradually descending the slope to the Valley of Jehoshaphat. Far away on our left is the tableland where the legions of Vespasian were encamped, as well as along the whole hills of Scopus and Olivet before us. We reach the north-eastern corner of Jerusalem, the wall rising on the right over 100 feet above our heads.

On the right, before us, running north and south parallel with the city wall, lies the deep valley of Kedron, with Olivet rising in a

THE (SO-CALLED) MOSQUE OF OMAR.

This is really the Dome of the Rock, on the Temple area on Mount Moriah, and is believed to be one of the wonders of the world for beauty. For 100 years it was a Christian Church, and a cross stood in place of the crescent. It is on the site of the Temples of Herod and Solomon and covers the top of Mount Moriah.

INSIDE THE DOME OF THE ROCK (MOSQUE OF OMAR).

This shows the bare rock of Mount Moriah, where Abraham's sacrifice was offered, where was Araunah's threshing-floor, and where the altar of burnt-offering stood. The marble conduit that carried away the blood can be clearly seen, as well as the hole in the rock beneath the brazen altar down which it flowed.

gentle, grey, stony slope on the farther side. This valley is full of tombs; all those beneath the city wall, on the right bank of the Kedron for the whole length of the valley, are Moslem tombs, and those on the left of the stream, on the slopes of Olivet, are Jewish tombs. No inscriptions or lettering is to be seen on any Jewish tomb; to them death had no hope, but a grave was ever an unclean place; the great object was to bury their dead out of sight and mind. As I have said elsewhere, their shallow graves often led to disgraceful scenes, and a modern writer tells us that at Tophet, at the bottom of this valley, he saw hyænas, jackals, and vultures tearing Jewish corpses out of their graves.

Our road descends to the Kedron, a brook which is dry in summer; above us, on the right, towers the high wall of the temple area; we cross the brook and pass by the Garden of Gethsemane, on our left, and the reputed tomb of the Virgin, while just beyond are the tombs of Absalom, S. James, and Zacharias. The road turning off to the left leads to Bethany and Jericho; that passing over the southern slope of the hill is the direct path to Bethany, so often traversed by our Lord; while that

stony, rugged road passing over the northern slope of Olivet is that up which David passed bareheaded and weeping as he fled from Absalom his son to Mahanaim, a city of refuge in Gilead.

Passing on down the Valley of Jehoshaphat, we now reach the south-eastern corner of the temple area. In the time of Christ this spot, which first catches the eye of the traveller coming up the Jericho road, was of a most striking character. From the brook to the top of the temple wall was 150 feet, the majestic wall consisting of courses of large bevelled stones, 20 feet long by 6 feet broad, laid with consummate skill; one of which, indeed, was "the precious corner stone" of which we read.

Towering above the wall to the height of another 150 feet shone the white marble walls of the temple, covered with golden plates, flashing in the sun, while from the corner of the wall itself a tower rose 200 feet. This is supposed to be the pinnacle of the temple to whose giddy height the devil brought Christ to tempt Him.

As the temple wall turns here sharply westward, one saw in those days, crossing the

Cheesemongers' Valley at its foot, the magnificent lofty viaduct of five arches, probably built by Solomon as "**his ascent to the House of the Lord**" from his palace on Mount Zion.

We soon reach the end of the valley, passing Siloam on the Mount of Offence on our left, and the Pool of Siloam, at the entrance of the Cheesemongers' Valley on our right.

In the city wall there are three gates that open on to the valley of the Kedron; near the northern end is S. Stephen's Gate, now known as the Gate of the Lady Marian; in the temple wall below is the Golden Gate, which Christ and His disciples so often passed through, but now closed. Through it also once a year the scapegoat was taken, bearing the sins of Israel into the wilderness of Judæa; and in the time yet to come, as prophesied by Ezekiel, the glory of the Lord will enter the city by this eastern gate. The third is in the Tyropœon, or Cheesemongers' Valley, the Dung Gate, out of which the refuse of the city was carried to be burnt, where the Valleys of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat meet below the south-eastern angle of the hill of Zion. This was Tophet.

All around lie the most ancient graves near

Jerusalem, built in Egyptian style, and dating from the days of Solomon. Here the furnace that burnt all the refuse of the city was ever kept alight, and was used by our Lord as a picture of Gehenna, "**where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched.**"

Just above this dreadful place, on the southern side, lies Aceldama, the accursed Field of Blood, bought by Judas with the reward of iniquity, and where he met with his tragic end. This was a field to bury strangers in, and it is very remarkable that in it we still find the remains of a vast square building, 40 feet deep, used from time immemorial to within the last hundred years, as a charnel-house; into this pit every stranger, dying in Jerusalem, was thrown, until modern civilisation put an end to the practice.

From here, running due east and west, stretches the Valley of Hinnom, until we reach again the spot from which we started, the bridge by the lower Pool of Gihon.

The walls of the city round which we have travelled were over four miles in extent in the time of Christ; at the present day they are but two and a half miles.

We will now pass through the Jaffa Gate

into David Street, and, turning sharply to the left, enter the hospitable portals of the Casa Nova, or Franciscan Monastery; we ascend to the highest part of its flat roof and take our final survey of the sacred city; much that we see from here being the same as in the days of Christ.

Facing the east in the afternoon of a glowing Syrian day, the sun slowly sinking down towards the Great Sea behind us, we see far away, apparently floating in the blue sky, a gorgeous band of coloured stripes of incandescent violet and red, the colour of burning coals: this is the wall of the Mountains of Moab stretching over a hundred miles north and south at a distance from us of some thirty miles. They look like a mirage floating in the heaven, owing to the steaming mists from the deep gorge of the Jordan below that hide their connection with the earth.

The nearer prospect includes the wilderness of Judæa and the low, stony, grey slopes of Olivet and Scopus, both interspersed with little fields of wheat and barley, with hedges or prickly pear, and dotted all over with olives, fig-trees, and crawling vines creeping on the ground as all vines do in Palestine.

Olivet really stands between the living and the dead: to the east neither tree, nor crops, nor verdure; to the west the fertile Plain of Sharon, and the wooded slopes of Judæa.

As our eye takes in the prospect nearer still, Jerusalem itself lies beneath us; the large temple area, one-sixth the size of the whole city, with the gorgeous Dome of the Rock in its centre, its marble screen and gorgeous Mosque of El Aksa, and its green cypresses and ancient walls.

The whole city is a mass of low, stone, beehive-like dwellings; the circular roofs with which most houses are now covered replacing the old Jewish flat roofs with the parapet-wall that may still be seen in places; while just below us rises the Fortress of David with Herod's Tower of Mariamne at the corner, now used as the Turkish Barracks.

Beyond it the trench running through the city from north to south is the Cheesemongers' Valley, the farther side including Bezetha and the temple hill of Moriah; the nearer side, where we are, Mount Zion and Acra.

The Christians live mostly on this crest of Zion in a quarter extending from the Tomb of David on our right to the Holy Sepul-

TEMPLE AREA AND MOUNT OF OLIVES.

The Temple is supposed to have stood here, and where the Dome of the Rock stands, and faced probably the Mount of Olives. It rose about 150 feet above this area, and was covered with plates of gold. The tall spire on Olivet is that of the Russian Church.

THE GOLDEN GATE AND TEMPLE WALL.

This view looks south along the Valley of Jehoshaphat. In the far distance is the Hill of Evil Counsel, to the south of the Valley of Hinnom. Nearer on the left is the Mount of Offence, with the Village of Siloam on its slope. The Temple wall is on the right, and the Tomb of the Virgin in the foreground. In the tower on the wall is the Golden Gate by which Christ entered the Temple, and through which the "scapegoat" was led each year. The gate is now filled up. Mohammedans believe this scene is the place of the Last Judgment.

chre on our left. Here stand seven Greek convents: the great Armenian Convent of St. James is in front of us, where the first apostolic council is said to have been held; also Latin convents and monasteries, hospitals and schools, the Coptic Church, the English Church, the palaces of Latin, Greek, and Armenian patriarchs, the Church of the Jewish Mission, and Protestant schools. Here, too, are the best shops and most of the trade.

On the farther side of Zion, where it falls into the Cheesemongers' Valley, lies the Jewish quarter, with an all-pervading and penetrating smell—a danger and opprobrium of the Holy City. There stand the synagogues of the Ashkenazim and Sephardim, the Polish synagogue with its Saracenic cupoia, the Jewish hospices and infirmaries, in the midst of unspeakable courts and alleys, while round these reek and starve thousands of Shylock-like Jews in a state of filth as unlike that of their clean, bright ancestors in the time of Christ as a British serf in Saxon times was, as compared with an English gentleman of the present day.

The two Moslem quarters comprise the whole of Jerusalem on the farther side of the valley, Bezetha and the Temple Mount,

the one secular and the other holy. Bezetha wears a more modern and secluded aspect than Moriah; the walls are loftier, the streets wider, and the houses better. Here live the Turkish Pashas; here is the School of Saladin, the Houses of Dervishes, and the Military Hospital.

No rich liquid colouring now brightens the Holy City; a red-grey stone is used for wall and roof; a gilt cross gleams from the Holy Sepulchre; silver crescents sparkle on the mosques; in the Church of the Sepulchre and the Dome of the Rock you see the two grand cupolas of the West and East, the Latin dome low and round like the half of an Italian orange, the green Turkish dome, like the Saracenic arch, high and pointed, the long end of a cone, the section of a melon or of a lemon. Light minarets are scattered over the city; a magnificent German Church in the Moorish style is just erected by the side of David's Tomb; while to our left, beyond the city walls, rise in tier after tier the new yellow-stone houses of suburban Jerusalem.

If we had stood here in the days of Christ we should have seen a far different sight: a magnificent city of palaces, richly adorned with

gold and colours, and resembling Athens or Antioch rather than the Holy City of tradition; with the magnificent palaces of the Roman Governor on the eastern hill and that of Herod and the High-priests on Mount Zion, with marble circus, baths, amphitheatres, and temples humming with life and filled with gay throngs busy with the many concerns of a great metropolis; the whole would present a picture as different from that which we survey to-day as the warrior in the prime of manhood differs from the hoary veteran bent and grey, and shrivelled with age.

Before leaving the sacred spot, let us look at the scene before us in the light of the Apostles' Creed. This wonderful composition consists of a string of twenty-one facts and statements, mostly of a stupendous nature, to be apprehended only by a lively faith, and embracing the fundamentals of the Christian religion. Rightly enough, they are prefaced by the words, **"I believe."**

Now of these twenty-one facts, as we stand here, seventeen lie visibly set forth before our eyes. We will go through the Creed clause by clause.

"I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth."

Here are two statements: the first obviously is purely a matter of faith, but the second lies spread out before our gaze as we stand here, with the only city on which God has ever placed His Name lying at our feet.

"And in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord."

The whole scene is full of Christ. There, on Olivet before us, His feet have worn a path to Bethany; at its foot lies the Garden of Agony; on its southern slope the Church of the Ascension; there are the very temple courts in which He walked and loved to teach.

"Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost."

Look away north, on the left hand, to the blue hills of Samaria, and there, gleaming like a star low down on the horizon, is the snowy summit of Hermon; between that summit and those blue hills lies Nazareth in Galilee, where the Virgin was visited by the Angel Gabriel charged with the wondrous message that she was to be the mother of our Lord.

"Born of the Virgin Mary."

Turn now to the right, and, seven miles away yonder, you can make out perhaps, with

the aid of a glass, the white tops of the houses of Bethlehem and the Church of the Nativity; in the crypt of that church, on the floor of a cave, are engraven these words round a silver star: "Here, of a Virgin, Jesus Christ was born."

"Suffered under Pontius Pilate."

Look in front of you to the northern corner of the temple area, where lies the Via Dolorosa, spanned by the middle arch of Pilate's judgment-hall where Christ was tried, and beneath which, crowned with thorns, He was led forth to suffer, bearing His cross.

"Was crucified."

Follow the road as it winds to the left and passes through the Damascus Gate, and there, just beyond it, with startling faithfulness, you see the skull-hill with its two eye-sockets and its broken nasal ridge. There, on the summit, where now stand those Moslem graves, Jesus Christ, the King of the Jews, was crucified between two thieves.

"Dead."

When the crowds had departed and evening had fallen, and the work of our salvation was consummated with the final words, "It is finished!" you see the Roman soldiers standing

before the dead body of the Lord, and one of them with a spear brutally piercing His side, from which flowed blood and water.

"Buried."

Let the eye now travel a few paces westward from Calvary; there lies the garden, and in the garden, against yonder cliff, the new tomb.

"He descended into hell."

This obviously is not a matter for sight, but for faith.

"The third day He rose again from the dead."

There, in such a garden as you can just see beyond the city wall, Jesus Christ stood in the triumph of resurrection life on the morning of the first day of the week.

"He ascended into heaven."

Look now straight before you eastward to Olivet, and there, on the southern shoulder of the hill, you see the traditional spot from which He ascended to heaven.

Here we may pause for one moment, and consider our Saviour's last words as He left this earth.

The first is: **"All authority hath been given unto Me in heaven and in earth."** A state-

ment of such dignity and power never fell from human lips before, least of all could they be expected from One who on earth was a lowly artisan, and who had been crucified as a malefactor by His people who had rejected Him.

The second is : **"Lo, I am with you all the days, even unto the end of the world."** If the first is a message of Divine power, the second is one of infinite comfort, telling us that no day in a believer's life need pass without the assured blessing of his Saviour's presence ; **"all the days"** means every day all the week, every day all our life ; so that, although our eyes may not behold His bodily form, as we stand on this roof and look across at Olivet our hearts are comforted for ever with this blessed promise.

The third utterance, I think, specially concerns our own country, and is in these words, **"Ye shall be My witnesses both in Jerusalem and in all Judæa and Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth."** Two points here claim our attention : the first is the omission of Galilee, while both Judæa and Samaria are explicitly mentioned ; the fact being, the witness in Galilee was during the lifetime of Christ, and had now closed in the solemn words of

S. Matthew xi. Judæa and Samaria had never been evangelised by Christ; they are therefore the place mentioned; but the scope of their testimony was not to be confined to the Holy Land, but was to continue to expand until it embraced the whole of the known earth.

In the time of Christ this was limited to the Roman Empire, and while the expression "**the uttermost part of the earth**" may be of a general nature, when we consider from whose lips the words came (one who knew all things from the beginning, who could read the future as clearly as we can read the past), it is difficult not to find some special reference in these words to that which was known as "the uttermost part of the earth," the Ultima Thule of the Roman Empire—these islands where we live. When we remember how, in the providence of God, this country has been allowed to disseminate the Gospel of Christ and the Bible throughout the whole world, we cannot but believe that, in this last word that Christ ever spake on earth, there was a reference in His own mind to our own land which has been so blessed. At the commencement of our Lord's ministry He was taken by the devil to a mountain and there refused the offer of the

kingdoms of the world. Now at its close on the Mount of Olives He claims His rights over the whole world.

"And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty."

This, again, is a subject for faith, not for sight.

"From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead."

We read that His feet shall stand again upon that Mount of Olives which lies here before us, that a great earthquake will then take place, cleaving it in two, and that the Valley of Jehoshaphat (which means the Judgment of the Lord), will indeed become the scene of the Great Assize.

"I believe in the Holy Ghost."

Here on our right, on Mount Zion before us, by David's Tomb, are the buildings which comprise the cœnaculum, or the traditional upper room where the Holy Ghost descended on the Day of Pentecost.

"The holy catholic Church."

In this same room, at the same time, all the disciples were baptized by one Spirit into one Body, and thus formed the holy catholic Church against which the gates of hell shall not prevail.

"The communion of saints."

Here in this upper room, forty days before, our Lord instituted the Last Supper in memory of His death, the Holy communion of Saints.

"The forgiveness of sins."

We have but to turn and look away again on our left to Calvary to see where the Sin-Offering was offered up.

"The resurrection of the body."

This is assured to us from a sight of that garden lying at its foot where our Saviour rose, the First-fruit from among the dead.

Then the Creed closes with

"The life everlasting."

Which takes us from time into eternity; and the lovely scene before our eyes fades away as we realise something of the glorious vista opened up by these words; and "**we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory**" in prospect of that Jerusalem above, that "**city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.**"

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